Week ending September 13 1958 *Every Wednesday Fourpence*

JOHN BULL

THE CHURCHILLS' GOLDEN WEDDING

Sir Winston's fifty years with "the queen of wives"

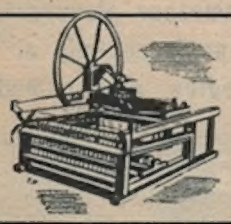
NOW CONVICTS GO OUT TO WORK

A daring prison reform

CURTAIN UP! As amateur players take the stage again a producer tells of her village hall tragedies and comedies

British Achievements

Speak for BRITAIN



Mechanised Production
Mechanisation in factories stems from Hargreaves' Spinning Jenny of 1766, the origin of all machine-powered production processes

Gas Lighting
The first basic improvement in lighting since the oil lamp was the British development of gas lighting by Richard Murdoch (1754-1839).

Radar
First made operationally effective in Britain and developed into a war-winning defence weapon by British electronic engineers. At Jodrell Bank, Britain has built—and operates—the world's most powerful radar telescope.

Nursing
The initiative and humanity of a British woman, Florence Nightingale, led to the founding of the first organised nursing services in the world.

Nuclear Energy
The first artificially-induced nuclear reaction took place at Cambridge, England, in 1936. British development of nuclear energy for industry has been the first to bear fruit in the world's first atomic power stations.

Jet Power
British jet engines are the most powerful in the world: British jet engines are the basis of the Western air forces: British propeller-turbine aircraft are winning world markets.

Operation Britain

This organisation aims to tell the real story of Britain's achievements, to claim for the British people and for British industry the credit that is theirs: and by doing so to reinforce Britain's prestige throughout the world to the benefit of our trade and our standard of living.

The Operation Britain campaigns are appearing in the press: as posters: in the form of articles and an information service to home and foreign press and broadcasting units: and are supported by the quarterly publication 'Speaking for Britain'—which goes to all parts of the world.

Operation Britain is a non-profit making non-political organisation. To carry out its nationally important work a steady income is needed, and firms are encouraged to join in the task by becoming Corporate members at the annual subscription of ten guineas: individuals may become members for the sum of two guineas.

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FREE SPEECH

Dream homes to let—for £4 a year

How many people there must be who'd like to find a place where instead of the rush of modern life there's peace and leisured living! I've found one: the Orkney Islands—a place where land and houses are incredibly cheap.

On a recent visit I found that you could rent a three-room stone cottage, with outbuildings and ten acres, for £4 *a year*. Rates: 10s. a year. And there were lots of them available.

I know it means using oil lamps, fetching water from the spring and getting groceries by boat, but I'm going to live there as soon as I can. I'll have time to grow my own food, watch the seals on the beach, read, relax—and think.

MISS M. PECKHAM, WALTON BAY HOUSE, CLEVEDON, SOMERSET.

"Crofts—at these rents—are standing empty in remote parts of Orkney," says the Crofters Commission. "The land is good, but you would have to pay about £400-£600 for the capital value of the buildings before renting. You get this sum back when you leave."

★ ★ ★

Porter, Sir . . .

This business of people taking holiday jobs seems to have gone a bit too far. Getting into a railway carriage recently I was followed by a small boy. As the porter slammed the door the child grinned at him and said, "Thank you, Sir." I complimented the boy on his manners. "Do you always call porters 'sir'?" I asked.

"Oh, no," was the reply. "But he's my teacher."

R. LOCK, CLARENCE ROAD, EXMOUTH.

★ ★ ★

Skid's The Word

I hope road safety committees *don't* campaign for having HALT signs painted on road surfaces ("Free Speech," August 16). To motor-cyclists they're death-traps, slippery patches to skid on.

F. HANDLEY, CENTRE PARADE, KETTERING, NORTHANTS.

★ ★ ★

Stinging The Blues?

After leaving my bicycle near a litter bin where several wasps were hovering, I returned to find three or four wasps crawling on the blue-painted cross-bar. They ignored a black bicycle nearby.

A few days later I was out with friends, one of whom was wearing a blue sweater. He was constantly pestered by wasps, while the rest of us were left completely alone. Were these just coincidences, or are wasps attracted by blue?

D. STEAD, BECKETT'S PARK DRIVE, LEEDS, 6.

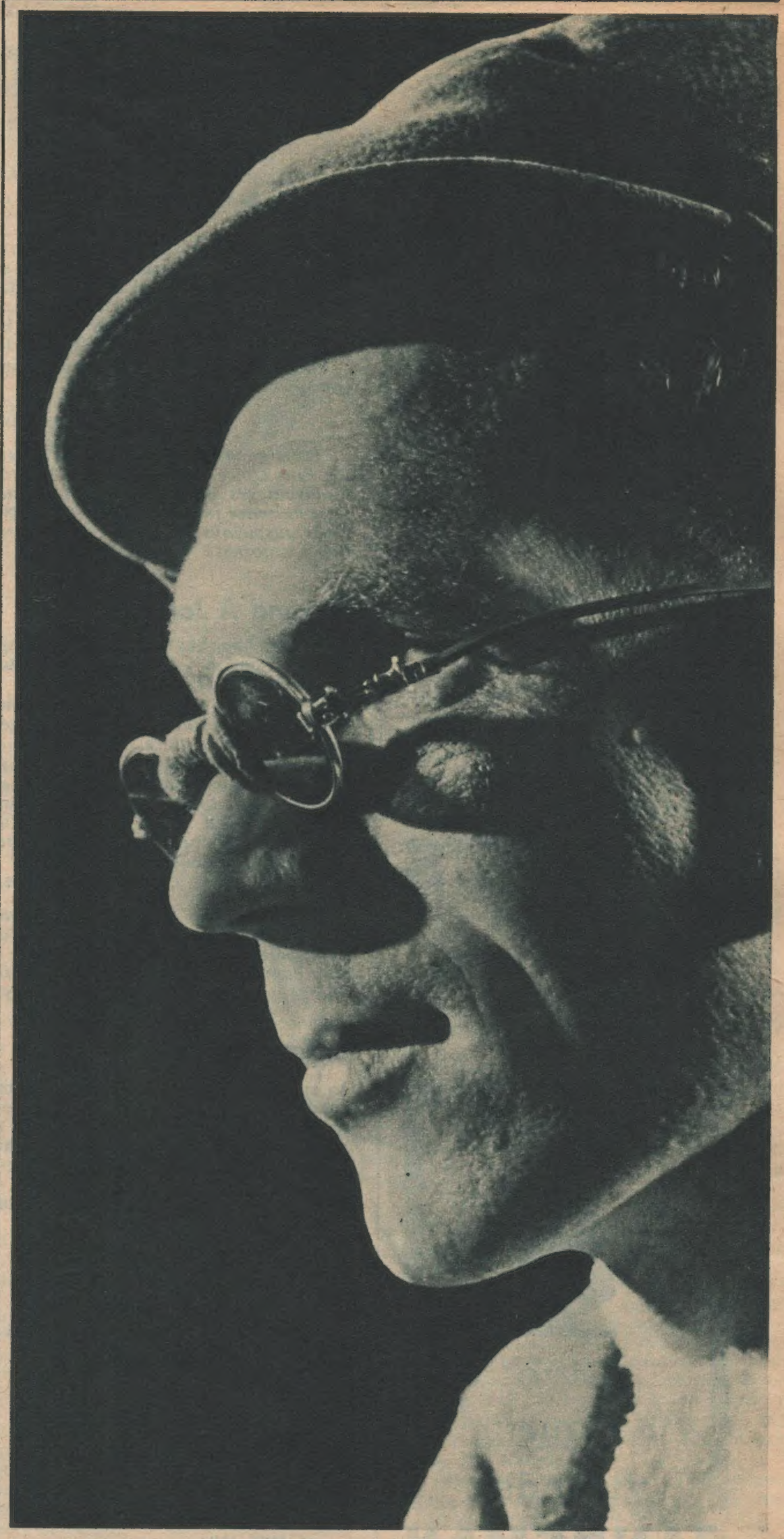
"Recent research has shown that bees—not wasps—are attracted by the colour blue," says an entomologist. "Beekeepers have said so for a long time, and they often plant blue flowers near hives. We think it is the ultra-violet light that attracts the bees; they are not nearly so interested in red, from the other end of the spectrum. So perhaps these 'wasps' were bees."

★ ★ ★

Trap for Hoaxers

We are constantly reading of hoax fire alarms, and recently one resulted in tragedy. The authorities seem to be beaten by the wicked idiots who make these false calls, but surely the answer

Continued on page 4



Maurice Joyce, third-hand melter.

Man in the glare

The man in the glare of the steel furnace has only one thought—to get on with the job. And an important job it is. At Consett they measure it now in terms of a million tons of steel a year.

Consett makes steel, and many kinds of it, for many different industries. Steel for atomic reactors, for supersonic wind tunnels. Steel for railway wagons, boilers, bedplates, storage tanks. Steel for the busy shipyards along the North-Eastern coastline.

Consett's target for 1958 is a million tons. This is a hundred-weight for every ton of steel made in Britain.

So the man in the glare has his work cut out for him. And at Consett he can get on with it as part of a team that functions smoothly from top to bottom. The Consett partnership of men and management is one that works—for Britain.

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FREE SPEECH

continued from previous page

is quite simple. The calls are nearly always made from public call-boxes, so it should not be beyond the Post Office to equip each kiosk with a flashing light and alarm bell which would be set off as soon as a 999 call was made.

The alarm would also help in genuine emergencies, by attracting help.

D. E. POWELL, HOE STREET, WALTHAMSTOW, LONDON.

"It's a good idea as a deterrent," says the Post Office. "But we think that the disadvantages outweigh this. It would be a nuisance in genuine cases; it might warn suspicious characters who were being reported."

Beyond A Joke

Travelling by bus through a strange part of London I asked the conductor to put me off at my stop.

He forgot, took me seven miles beyond my destination—then charged me 1s. 4d. excess fare.

This kind of thing has also happened to my young daughter. It's bad enough having your time wasted, but being charged as well makes it worse. Can a conductor compel you to pay extra when he's overlooked your request?

MRS. A. SPIERS, REDHILL, SURREY.

"In theory you have to pay for any journey you make," says London Transport. "But we'd never enforce it in a case like this. If a conductor did charge you, we'd refund the money."

Safety Strip

In spite of all the efforts to make the roads safer the Ministry of Transport has surprisingly failed to find a way to safeguard the one manoeuvre that causes more accidents than any other—turning to the right.

I suggest that forty yards from junctions on major roads a six-foot-wide strip be painted white. If this strip could be occupied only by vehicles about to turn right, it would curb those impatient drivers who, after seeing the man in front's signal, still persist in trying to overtake.

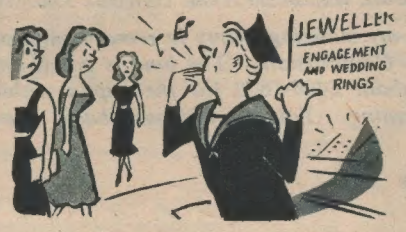
J. W. E., LEICESTER.

In several Continental countries overtaking is illegal at any signposted road junction.

Why Sailors Marry

Near my village here in South Africa is a British naval wireless station. We enjoy entertaining the boys who are stationed there, but one of their regulations shocks me.

Sailors are posted here for eighteen months, but if they have their wives



with them they may stay for two and a half years.

Result: I've known two single boys who have been so anxious to stay on for another year that they've been determined to marry to do so.

I do think that the navy shouldn't rush its men into marriages that might otherwise not take place—especially in a foreign country.

MRS. D. CHAMBERLAIN, KOMMETJE, CAPE, SOUTH AFRICA.

"It isn't worth sending a man's family out there just for a short time," says the Admiralty. "We don't agree that men get married just to stay in South Africa. It's more likely to be because the local girls are pretty."

Easy Reading

Why cannot electricity meters be placed *outside* our homes, as they are in the United States? It would be more convenient for householders—and it would save the time meter readers waste standing on doorsteps and calling again.

C. J. WHITE, RAWLINSON TERRACE, TREDEGAR, MON.

Some new houses have outside meters. "We like the idea, but leave the positioning of meters to the builders," says the Electricity Council.

The Gas Council says: "Outdoor meters cost more to install—and we like the personal contact with housewives that we get with indoor reading."

Lost Interest

It's about time the Post Office Savings Bank got in line with commercial practice and paid interest on a day-to-day basis. It involves no extra work as the staff calculate interest from tables.

At present a sum withdrawn, for example, on the twenty-seventh of the month loses twenty-seven days' interest.

W. A. W. MANATON, RAMSGATE ROAD, BROADSTAIRS.

"Banks haven't got twenty million small depositors, as we have," says the Post Office. "We have so many small sums put in for short periods that it would be too complicated for us."

Here's Mud

I live in a flat and have no garden, but I love growing indoor plants in pots. And I've no trouble in providing soil. I just keep a spare pot by the kitchen sink—and fill it with the generous supply that comes with my potatoes. . . .

MRS. C. SHELLEY, THE WOODLANDS, BEULAH HILL, LONDON.

JOHN BULL pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post.

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THIS WEEK'S COVER

WELL, if that splendid lunch is suddenly cancelled it will serve him right. He's carried the can enough times to know that two trips three-quarters full are worth more than one trip brim full followed by five to fifty minutes of mopping up and placating a girl who has right on her side and is too busy to listen. "Fortunately," says Fancett, "his argument is reasonable, flattering and unanswerable. When a woman manages to look so beautiful while basting a chicken, how can he be expected to watch a commonplace object like a tap?"

LIONEL HALE LOOKS AT THE STEEL INDUSTRY

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBANY WISEMAN

THE recurrent dream of my sleeping hours—and I am a great hand at dreaming, and spend many hours on it—is that I am back in the reign of Queen Elizabeth I, about four centuries ago.

There I sit, in the Mermaid Tavern, in the 1590s. Shakespeare buys me a bottle of sack. Assorted highly-coloured courtiers, including Francis Bacon, drop in to listen to me, of all people, talking. For I have marvels to tell them—our inventions of electric light, and motor-cars, and the Spinning Jenny, and macadamized roads, and steel rolling mills. . . .

The greatest men of the age stand in front of me, humbly holding their feathered hats in their hand. And at this point my dream turns into a nightmare. "And how exactly," asks Shakespeare or Ben Jonson or the shortly-to-be executed Earl of Essex, "how exactly, and in simple language, does this thing called electric light *work*?" Or, as it might be, "Pray describe to us, in words of one syllable, this miracle you call a Bessemer Converter."

There the great Elizabethans stand, ruffed and bearded, and looking at me with respectful eyes, waiting for the answer; and horror overcomes me, and I wake up. Because I know no more about such things than the Elizabethans, or the ancient Romans, or (going back further) Adam.

The plain fact of the matter is that the Good Fairy of Science was absent from my christening. There is some built-in flaw in my mind; faced with The Way Mechanical Things Work, this mind weakly buckles. I can grasp odd and complicated matters; I even have quite a grasp of the Rent Acts, and the French system of government, and the laws of cricket, and other matters which cause many a genius to scream, or quietly emigrate.

But I still have no knowledge about what makes my car go—still less, that more useful knowledge, knowledge about what makes it stop.

Yet I always live in hope. Consequently, I was immensely pleased to find a chance to look at Steel. The miracle of complete understanding is always due to descend on me. It couldn't come better than on the subject of Steel—which supports my mysteriously running motor-car, and holds up buildings, and makes my knives and forks, and builds railway engines, and goes down into a thousand and one small shapes, and sails aloft in aircraft carrying us to Paris and New York. . . . Or is the bucket under the sink.

So I buried myself in Steel, and saw films about it, and visited a great steel works; and for about five minutes one day I really did know about Steel, and could have told the Elizabethans all about this astonishing thing, blast furnaces and high-frequency induction, and the Hot Dip process, and magnesite-lined mixer vessels, and all.

Most unfortunately, I was so excited by complete understanding descending on me that I couldn't sleep, and therefore couldn't dream, and consequently couldn't tell the Elizabethans.

And, of course, the knowledge faded a little, as visions do.

However, something remains, and very enriching it is. For instance I was digging in my garden yesterday, and laboriously moving spadefuls of soil. And I suddenly remembered the Giant Walking Dragline of Northamptonshire, which lifts twenty cubic yards of earth in one movement and deposits it, after one huge swinging arc in the air, some 260 feet away.

Here is one of the most fascinating early operations in steel making. The Corby Iron and Steel Works (which are part of Stewarts and Lloyds, Limited) are settled firmly on one of the largest stratified ironstone beds in the world. The iron ore, which is soon to go through the crusher at the rate of eight hundred tons an hour) runs for broad, long miles under the innocent green fields of Northamptonshire.

Here, incidentally, iron has been made for centuries. Corby is a brand-new town, but the Romans were here long ago, in the Occupation, working the ironstone quarries.

Not only did the ironstone lie beneath the soil, but above ground stood the Royal Forest of Rockingham—so wide, so thick, so majestically high that they built the church at Weldon-in-the-Woods with a lantern in its dome, to guide the traveller through the forest.

Charcoal from the trees fed the clumsy fires for hundreds of years. Now at Corby it is coke that feeds the blast furnaces, till the iron runs out molten-orange at 1,400° centigrade—though much to the alarm of the weak-nerved visitor, if I am the visitor.

"When you see a blast-furnace man run, *you* run," they told me, thoughtfully. "Oh, thank you," I said gratefully and with feeling.

But now I remembered, as I shovelled my garden soil, the Giant Walking Dragline of Northamptonshire (it sounds like some legendary monster, on the lines of the Great Dragon of Wantage). This Thing walks, all 1,600 tons of it. Its vast feet move it over the ground at the speed of a whole mile every eight hours.

The huge boom—all of steel tubes—casts its outsize bucket from the end of its 282 feet length. Some eighty feet of earth ("the overburden" they call it) lie over the top of the ten-foot seam of ironstone. The giant bucket bites down, leaving yellow canyons that suggest a horror film of the moon; and there, far below you at the bottom, the ironstone seam is exposed, grey and blue-green.

All along the gigantic horse-shoe canyon made by the Dragline run the railway lines, on which the trucks go straight back into the Corby Works a mile or two away. Out here, Northamptonshire is yielding up its wealth.

And who are the armies of men disembowelling Northamptonshire? One man sitting in the control cabin of the Giant.

The early Roman iron-worker, and his English colleagues down the years, would have been staggered by a modern steel works in general, but perhaps by one wonder in particular.

Machine has taken the place of muscle.

Taine, I recall, visited England in the 1860s; and this French philosopher, with his gleaming

pince-nez and his fringed, bristling beard, had a good deal to say about the British factory workers. He described them as

"Superabundantly well fed, massive, emotionless, square trunk, and immensely broad and deep through the loins. The development of their muscles, they tell me, is due to drinking porter. Their broad backs, deep chests and massive shoulders are a superb spectacle. Some of them are giants, being six feet tall and more. The type is most frequently met with in iron foundries: it is there that you will see these calm colossi handling pieces of iron in the forge."

Well, the steel works of Britain still have their colossi, and you don't wish to see better muscled, healthier or more vigorous men. But the Machine has eased the work. Where men sweated under Taine's eye, under my gaze they gave a little casual prod to a white-hot five-ton ingot of steel, moving in its appointed orbit on the chain of the electric crain.

Put me into training—if you could catch me—and I really believe that I, a bookish man, would be physically up to pretty nearly every job in steel; and nobody could say fairer than that, to be sure.

Let the Welfare State try to think, in its best governess mood, of improvement in working conditions: and they will find that the Iron and Steel Industry thought of them twenty years ago. It is simple economics: it is plain industrial sense: it is good housekeeping: it is the twentieth century's evolution.

God knows that men for long years (and short lives) sweated in the Black Country, in the foundries of the Midlands, in the mills of the north, in the mines of Scotland; but the Machines have come to the rescue of the Men, in the natural course of industrial history, and without waiting for Whitehall.

There are no strikes among steel workers, worth one brow's wrinkle. Steel may find and face, in 1958, a glut in the world's markets; but its problems are external. Inside the Works, there is unity.

Master and man? It sounds ludicrously old-fashioned, now that the Machine is the servant to both. And what a servant, among the other tireless monsters, is the Walking Dragline. It reminds me of Gulliver, when the King of Lilliput set him to work. I found myself, as I watched him scooping out the earth, repeating the old arithmetic sums: "If there are ten cubic yards of earth, and Tom, Dick and Harry have each a bucket, and each bucket can carry. . . ."

Moreover, the desecrations of green England are things of the past. Not here will you find those ugly gashes of the land, those hideously huddled heaps where the Machine has passed.

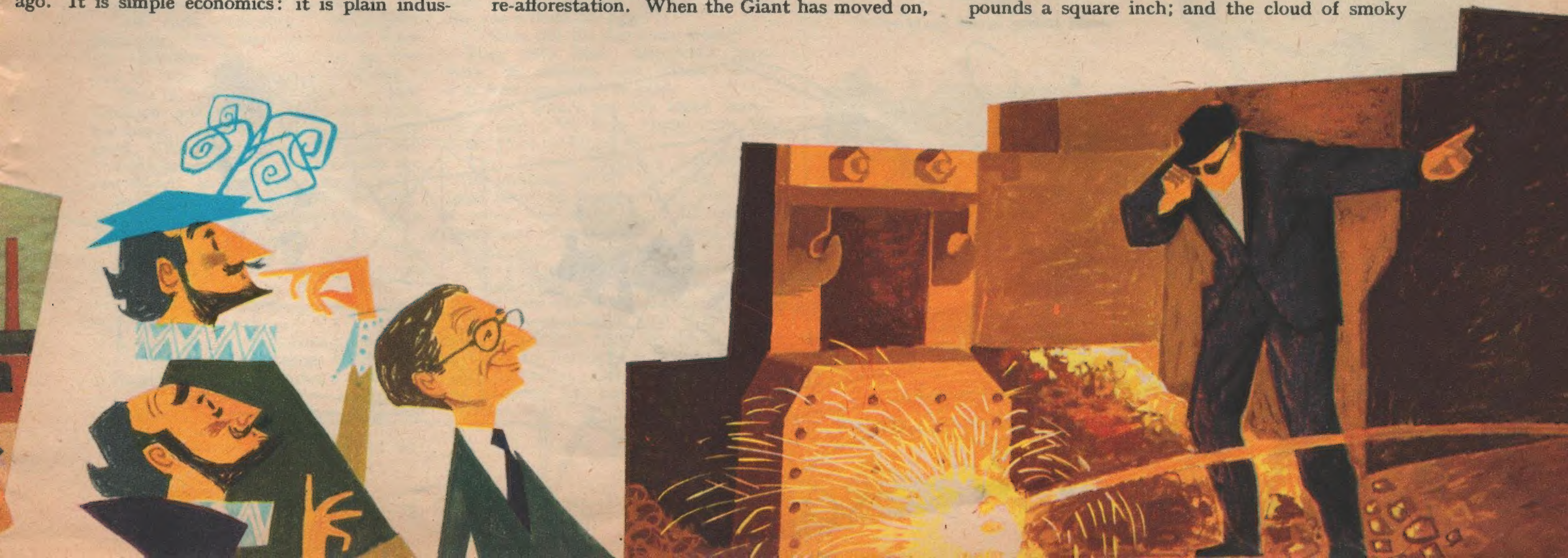
The Giant builds up the "over-burden" into planned formations of hill and dale. The industry works in consort with the Government on re-afforestation. When the Giant has moved on, the forestry workers move in. (At Corby, some of these are skilled woodsmen from Latvia, and their British fellow-workers are proud of them. "Best refugees in the country, we've got," they tell you many times. No "foreigner" trouble here.) Already, the Northamptonshire "hills and dales" are covered with young firs; and a new Forest of Rockingham is in the making.

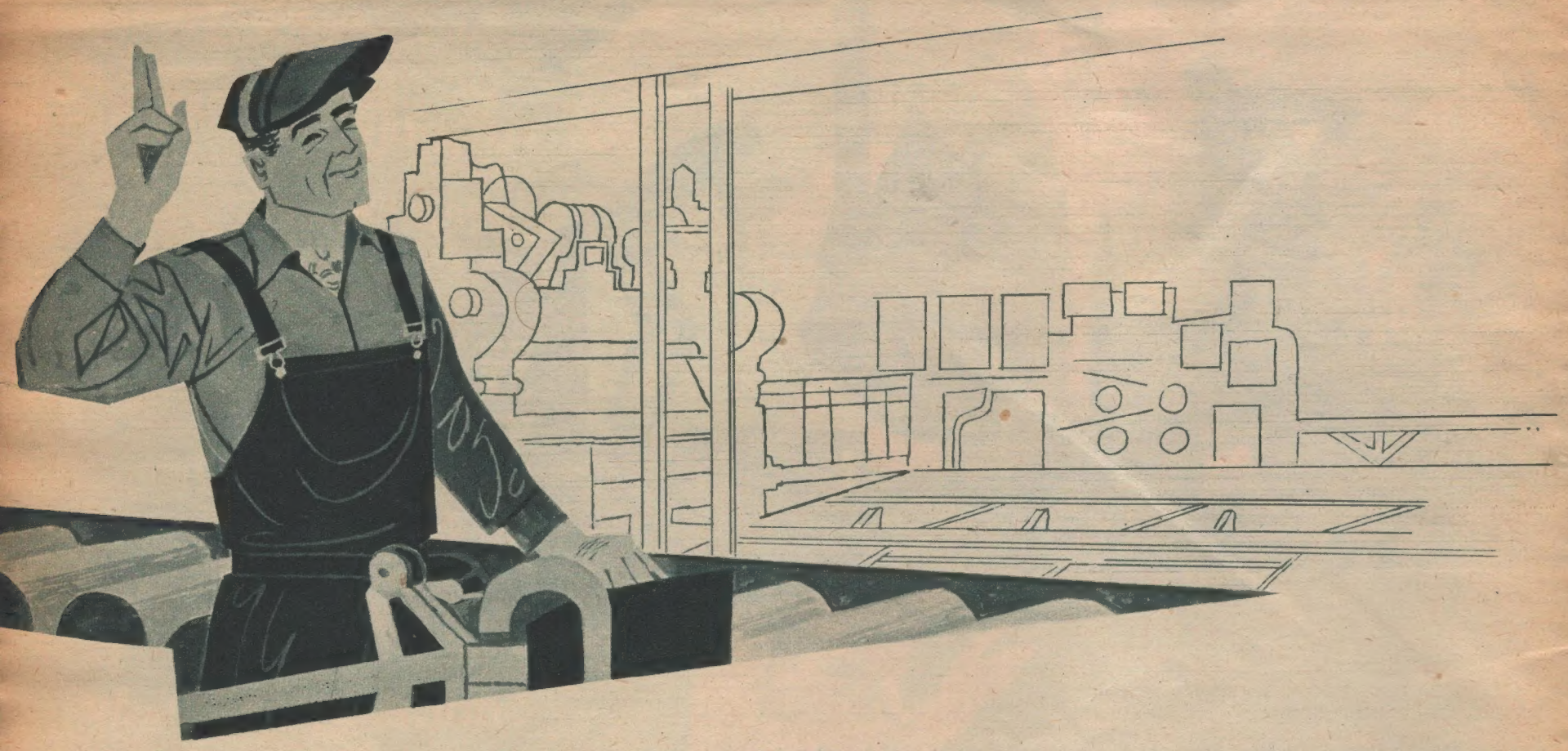
The iron ore moves into the works. It is a sight to see, the mechanical grabs that tilt the thirty-ton trucks and send the ore thundering down—a mountain torrent of rock—into the crusher. The noise, as everywhere else in the works, is Wagnerian.

If Wagner is the music, then Turner (and Turner in his most violent sunset mood) is the colour, of a steel works. It is noise in rainbows, and pandemonium in colour.

Orange, yellow, flame, golden—the iron pours out of the blast furnaces along channels made in beds of sand. Desulphurized, this molten creature, which seems to have a life of its own, lingers between iron and steel, till the plants—Bessemer or Open Hearth—receive it, carried there snarling by the casting cars.

In a Bessemer Plant, steam turbines blast air into the metal with a pressure of thirty-five pounds a square inch; and the cloud of smoky





flame blows up one hundred feet into the dim, cathedral-high recesses of the roof, with showers of sparks such as I imagine will attend the Day of Judgment.

Oh, to put these colours into words! To describe the fantastic shade of the five-ton ingots as they come out of their moulds, looking like Stonehenge columns made of solid lightning!

There ought to be a new colour-name—"heat." One of the prize-winners at the Brussels Exhibition, "The Forming of Metals," is a Shell film. (Their interest? The lubrication of the steel mills.) Here you get those colours, better than any words.

Perhaps, in my next dream, I shall manage to take along a copy of "The Forming of Metals," and screen a showing of it at the Mermaid to Shakespeare and a few other friends.

The film ranges over steel works up and down the British Isles, shooting close up at the metal's incandescent 1,400° from behind asbestos blankets and steel screens. The sound-track indicates, but mercifully mutes, the clangour and din of the rolling mills, where the five-ton ingots are "rolled" into shape, thinning and thinning until, at the end, they can spin out as fine wire. And the blacksmith's-shop clang of steel forces those in the mills into an elaborate sign language.

In one rolling mill I saw a brisk little Geordie wave to another. He held up one finger. He held up five fingers and one more. He bared his teeth, and tapped them. And he made a dismissive, scissors movement with his hands.

Can you translate that? Could my old friend, Shakespeare?

He meant "there's no more 1/16th" and you may have a happy time working that out for yourself in a mirror.

In the coloured film, as in the works where this part of it was shot, I admired the long strips of steel racing, bright red-gold, over the rollers. Later, a Machine will calmly close its great hand on the strips, and the edges will be turned over, inwards; and lo! there will be tubes.

But just at present the strips of steel are racing along, reheating as they go. They snake a wicked, rapid path along the conveyors, their flow controlled by a nonchalant young Scotsman with his hands on two levers, whistling inaudibly.

And, as they go away down the long mill, the flame dies out of them little by little. Orange to tawny, to russet, to purple, to reddish blue, to blue and to shining grey they turn, until—wrapped by now at vicious speed round the spindles—they lie in great grey coils and move off on the cooling conveyors.

Over all this, over the thick, tall furnaces and converters, and the high cranes carrying their immense and fiery burdens as airily as a girl carrying a fan, and the roaring roller tables, and the general scene of a smithy run by a legion of Titans, there broods a curious air of calm and order.

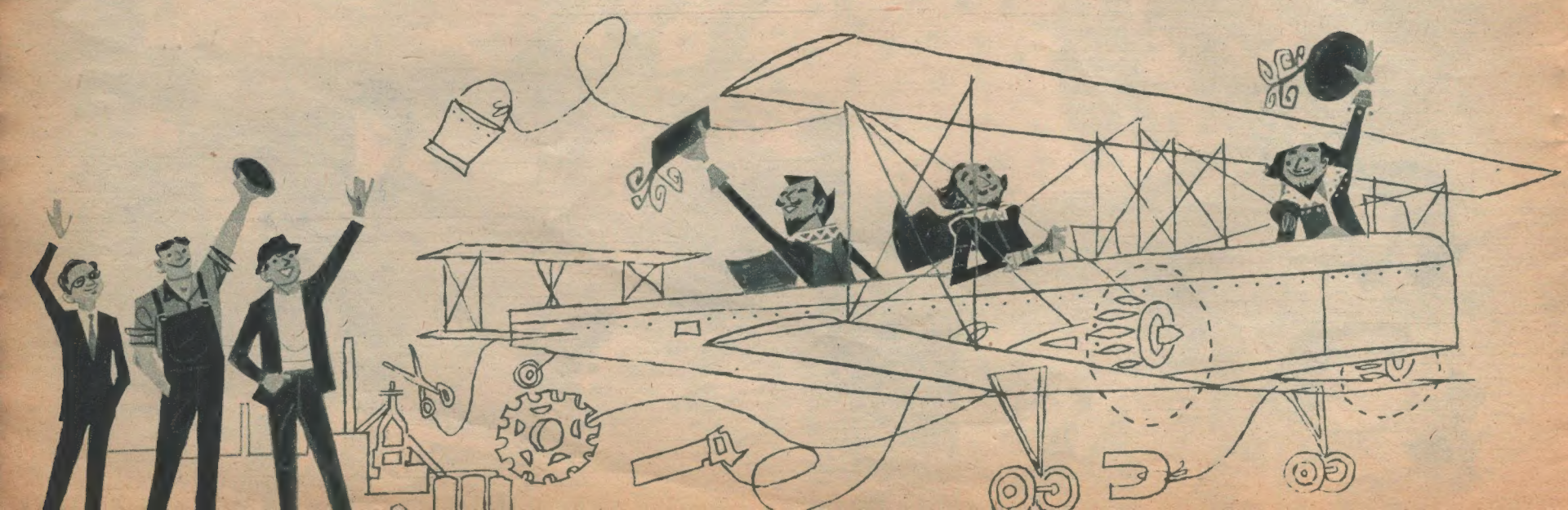
In their hands is the strongest and the cheapest alloy in the world. They hold the beginnings of bridges that span far-off rivers, of razor-blades, of railway networks, of the smallest screw, of the largest steel forging, of your garden wire fence, or of a pipeline to be run across an eastern desert.

Among all the Wagnerian din and Turneresque colour, the industry seems to do its job with steady assurance.

All this, in my next dream, I shall tell Shakespeare and his fellow Elizabethans of those four centuries back. Perhaps they might get some faint and fugitive idea of modern steel.

But there are some things about the twentieth century—our political theories, for instance—that neither I nor anyone else could explain to an Elizabethan. That forthright soul thought it was enough to sail out and conquer the world.

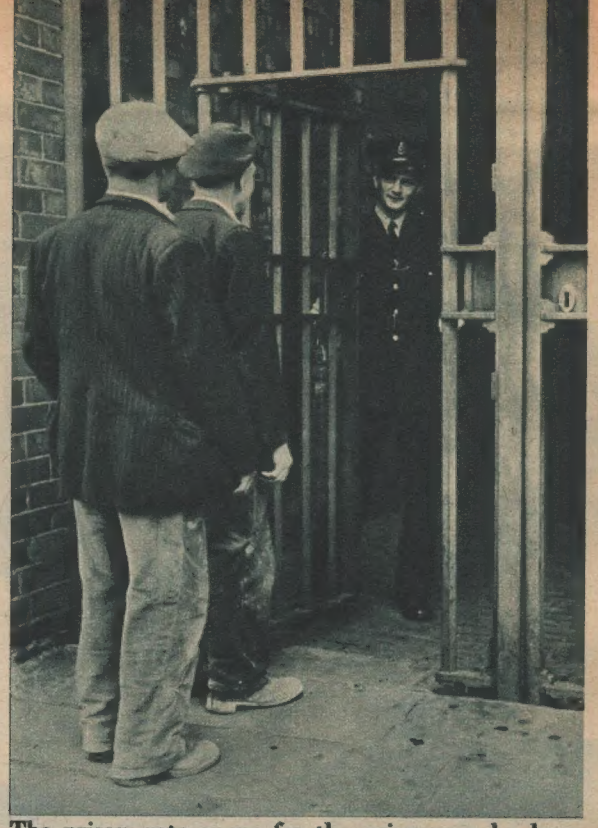
The steel men would see eye to eye with him about that, across the centuries.



Now the convict goes out to work

by ARTHUR EPERON

At Bristol Prison habitual criminals are being given a chance to go straight. They can get a job, go to a pub—or meet a girl



The prison gate opens for the prisoners who have jobs outside. Part of their pay is banked for them and some men take as much as £100 when they are finally released. Each has his own room and civilian clothes

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

THE little man who joined the queue of building workers on a site near Bristol University was narrow-shouldered and timid. A big, long-haired lad standing behind him asked his name. "Thomas Jones," said the little man. And his accent was Cardiff.

"Live near here?" asked the lad.

"Cambridge Road," replied Tom.

"That's near the prison, isn't it? What are you inside for?"

"Safe cracking," said Tom quietly. "Five years."

The lad was grinning as he walked away. "Safe cracking? He couldn't crack a walnut."

As Tom told his fellow-prisoners later: "That's what happens when you tell the truth—nobody believes you."

Tom Jones (that's not his real name) was sentenced to five years' preventive detention for blowing the safe of a bank near London. It was his eighth conviction. He began by defrauding pubs and hotels with worthless cheques and ended by joining a gang. He had already served seventeen years in prison, and as far as society was concerned he was a hardened offender—a confirmed criminal apparently beyond cure.

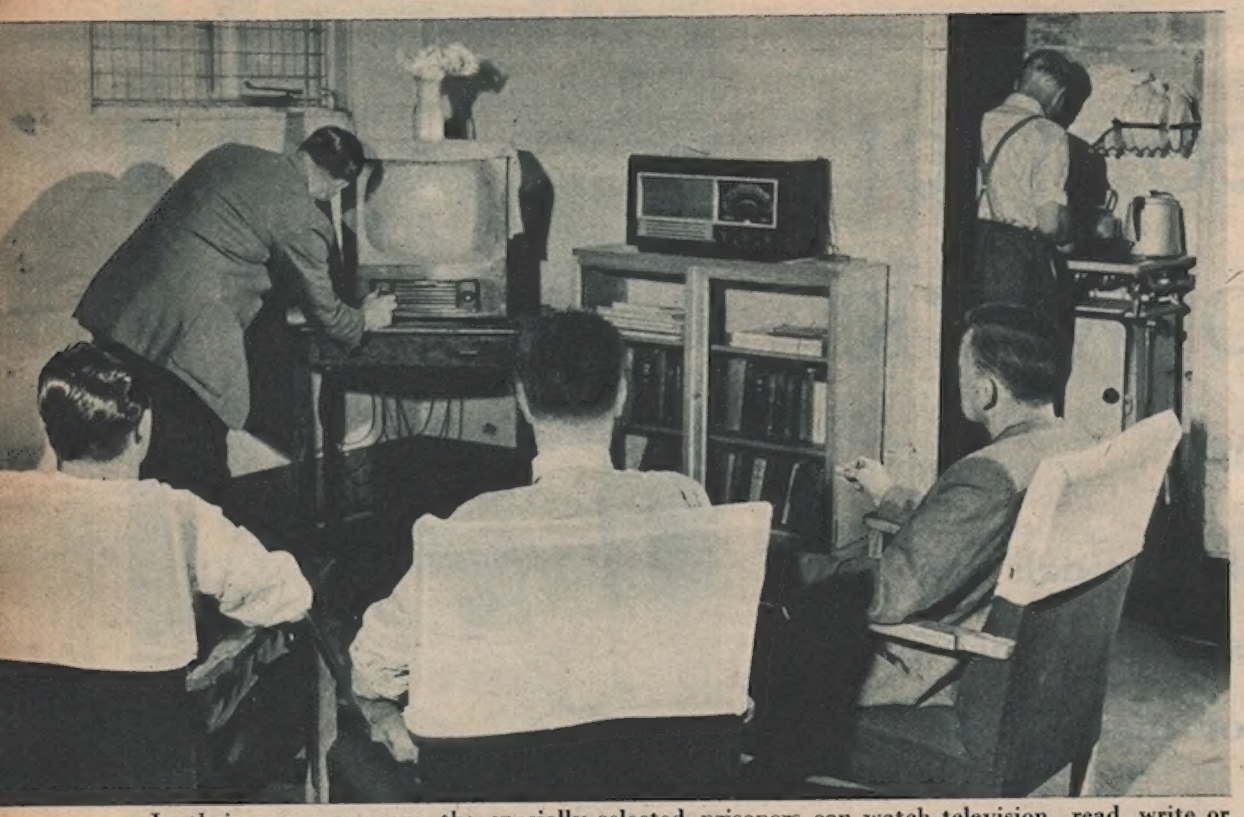
He spent three years of his sentence in Parkhurst and then, when even he had abandoned hope of ever living a normal life, he was interviewed by a board which reviews sentences to decide whether prisoners have earned remission. He was sent to Bristol and given his last chance.

He became a guinea-pig in an experiment to find out whether hardened criminals could be turned into productive workers.

The experiment began in 1953 when five men from Parkhurst, serving long terms of preventive detention, were taken to Bristol Prison, housed in a wooden hut away from other prisoners, and told that, as long as they obeyed certain rules, they could go out to work in jobs which would be found for them. They could begin to live normal lives. They could wear civilian clothes, go to the cinema, to pubs and football matches, and bring home a wage packet at the end of the week.

Furthermore they could save a few pounds to help them over the first few weeks of their release—most important, for released prisoners with nothing in their pockets and no job seldom take long to get back into prison.

Eighty-one men have been through this scheme, but eleven had to be sent back to Parkhurst. Of the fifty-seven who have been discharged, thirty-three have so far kept out of



In their own messroom the specially selected prisoners can watch television, read, write or listen to the radio. There is also a small kitchen in which they can cook meals or make tea

trouble since they left Bristol on licence. Others who seemed to be making a success of their new lives have suddenly turned again to crime.

One man—quiet, quick-brained and hard-working—had worked in a factory while he was at Bristol. The manager was delighted with his progress and, when he came out on licence, gave him a job as a clerk. He was promoted in six months, but he was ambitious so he left the factory to become a salesman.

Money did not come in as fast as he had expected and he got into debt.

When he called at homes he began to notice that careless housewives had left windows open or doors ajar. The temptation was too much. He was caught housebreaking and given another five-year sentence.

When Tom Jones arrived at Bristol from Parkhurst, it looked to him just like any other prison. There was a massive brick wall surrounding it, and a high, spiked gate with a peephole through which the warder on guard examined him and his escort before the bolts were pulled back. The warders were dressed in the same prison-officers' uniforms and the same heavy boots, and carried the same huge bunches of keys which jangled as they walked.

The Victorian building had barred windows, and at each door he had to wait while the prison officer unlocked it, let him through and locked it again. Outside the deputy governor's office he had to wait on a scrubbed bench in a cold corridor smelling of disinfectant.

The deputy's room was familiar, too, painted in institutional green, with two Victorian pictures on the wall, an old oak desk in the centre of the floor and a high bookcase full of religious books belonging to the prison padre.

The deputy, Murdo Macleod, was a young man with a firm, jagged face, penetrating eyes and the build of a first-class fighter. In a quiet Scots voice he said: "Sit down, Jones." Then he offered Tom a cigarette. Tom was too surprised to accept.

For half an hour he listened while Macleod told him what life would be like in Bristol.

He would see only the other prisoners who were going out to work. He would not mix with the rest. A job had been found for him with a building firm as a labourer and he would report to the site manager at seven-thirty the next morning.

He would get shirts, underwear, a pair of flannels, a sports coat, a pair of working boots, a raincoat and two sets of overalls—given him free by the probation officer. If he needed more clothes later, he could ask permission to buy them.

At the end of the week, he would bring back his wage packet unopened. After two guineas had been deducted for his board and lodging, he would be given his bus fares, 12s. for his lunches, and £1 a week to spend on himself. The rest would be banked for him in the post office, except for the amount which his family was drawing from National Assistance, which he would now have to pay, and for any voluntary allotment which he cared to make to his family.

He must return to supper each evening immediately after work and change before going out again. He would have to be back by ten o'clock every night.

There were no excuses for lateness—not even reasons. It was up to him to be back on time whatever happened.

He must be in to lunch on Saturdays, unless he was working overtime, and on Sundays, unless he had permission to accept an invitation out. He would be expected to be on his best behaviour. If he got into serious trouble, inside the prison or out, there could be only one result—he would go back to Parkhurst. And he would never have another chance.

"You are being given a wonderful opportunity," said the deputy. "We can't make you take it. It is now up to you to make something of your life or throw it away. It won't be easy—you will have to discipline yourself. We think you can do it. If we didn't, you wouldn't be here. Remember this—it is your last chance."

"As I left the room," says Tom, "I felt that I had an enormous task in front of me. Yet I felt I could do it."

What he did not know was that, to Macleod, he was an "inadequate"—a man who had been too weak to face the facts and problems of life. So the deputy had set out to give him confidence. If he had been a self-assured type who believed that "only mugs work" he would have had a very different reception.

The deputy walked with Tom to a hut near the outer wall of the prison. This was to be his home until he was released or sent back to Parkhurst.

It was an old army hut and reminded him of the mess on his wartime gun-site. There was a small kitchen for brewing tea or keeping meals warm, a washroom with showers, a messroom with a few old armchairs and upright chairs and tables for meals or writing letters. The fire was burning, and beside the fireplace was a TV set and a radio.

"It occurred to me suddenly that I might be able to watch Wales play England if the match were televised," he says. "I might hear them sing 'Land Of My Fathers' at Cardiff Arms Park again."

Beyond the messroom was a long dark corridor with green lino and a row of doors like the doors of cells. The room Tom was given was smaller than a cell. There was an iron bedstead and a small cupboard and little space around them.

The deputy handed him 10s. and told him to go out for a walk but to get back for supper. Then he was alone.

On the bed were his new civilian clothes. He tried them on. They were cheap and ordinary, but they were new and they fitted. "I kept looking down at them to admire them, like a boy in his first pair of long trousers," he says.

Then he went out and walked to the prison gate. "I had a sudden fear that the gate would not be opened, that something would go wrong. But the officer on the gate just nodded and let me through as if I were a guard."

It was a dreary day. The lights were shining from a pub on the corner of Cambridge Road. "I felt the ten shilling note in my pocket and thought of the taste of a pint of beer, but I walked on. There was plenty of time for that later."

He stared in shop windows and at people passing. Nobody took any notice of him. "It was difficult to understand that I looked like an ordinary person. I felt lost. When I came to a crossroads, I couldn't make up my mind which way to go. I wasn't used to making decisions."

He nearly got run over crossing a road and the driver of the car scowled at him.

He scampered back to the kerb and someone said: "You want to be more careful. You're a long time dead, you know."

"I looked up," says Tom, "and saw it was a policeman. For a second, I was scared. I had a dreadful feeling that I was going to get lost, and I began to wish that I was back in prison."

He walked to the prison gates and rang the bell marked DAY. The same guard let him in.

"You've been quick," he said. "Homesick?"

Tom felt foolish. "Wanted to write a letter," he said.

The guard laughed.

"They all come back quickly first time."

Tom went to the messroom and looked at some of the magazines. "I felt like a man in a hospital waiting-room, wondering what to expect," he says.

The other men came in to supper at five thirty. They were men of different ages, different education and different temperaments. They were friendly and made him cups of tea, but they asked no questions.

The noisiest was George, a confidence man who had never done a day's work before, but having tried it, was getting to like it. He carried with him pictures of his wife and two children, and

Continued on page 26

ARTHUR EPERON spent several days at Bristol Prison preparing this authentic account of one of the most important innovations in British penal reform since the war—the scheme that gives a last chance to the old lag. His article gives a true impression of its operation, but prisoners' identities and circumstances have been changed.

When Winston Churchill married Clementine Hozier it was the wedding of the year. Now, fifty years later, it's . . .

THE MARRIAGE OF THE CENTURY

Churchill is not easy to live with; she is "a queen among wives." And their affection has deepened over the years

Not long ago, Lady Churchill bought herself a new car. It was twenty years since she had previously driven and, at seventy-two, she started to learn again. But even when she was proficient she did not drive alone. Sir Winston insisted that she should take along another driver, just as a precaution.

Winston Leonard Spencer Churchill and Lady Clementine Ogilvy Spencer Churchill have now been married fifty years. Through one of the stormiest political careers in history, she has pushed, mothered and supported him. At home, she has entertained his guests brilliantly, and in public has kept just one step behind him. In return she has gained the lifelong love and affection of one of the world's greatest men.

Speaking at her old school, Berkhamsted Girls', she gave her recipe for success in marriage: "If you find yourself in competition with men, never become aggressive in your rivalry. She who forces her point may well lose her advantage. You will gain far more by quietly holding to your convictions. But even this must be done with art and, above all, with good humour."

The best testimony to the soundness of her advice is her husband's statement: "My marriage was much the most fortunate and joyous event which happened to me in the whole of my life, for what can be more glorious than to be united in one's walk through life with a being incapable of an ignoble thought?"

Their affection has deepened with the years. Sir Winston has never started a major speech in the House of Commons without a quick glance up at the Ladies' Gallery. Lady Churchill is invariably in her place and gives an encouraging wave of the hand.

When she went to Stockholm in 1953 to receive his Nobel literature prize for him, she found a cable waiting for her. It conveyed Winston's love—and a warning to be careful in the traffic.

In purely practical affairs Mrs. Churchill has been—in Lord Riddell's phrase—"a queen among wives." She is an impeccable housekeeper and, apart from entertaining a constant stream of distinguished visitors from every part of the world, she has an additional difficult duty as a hostess.

At dinner, Sir Winston often falls into silence and, ignoring the most illustrious V.I.P., devotes the whole of his attention to his food. At these

1908 The Churchills during their engagement. He proposed in a pagoda by the lake at Blenheim

1912 When Churchill was First Lord of the Admiralty he took his wife to see the Iron Duke launched

1929 The Churchills on Budget Day, with their children Sarah and Randolph

1951 With grandchildren: Emma and Nicholas Soames, Arabella Churchill, and, behind, Winston Churchill, Julian Sandys

times, Lady Churchill brilliantly takes on the whole of the conversation.

Sir Winston invariably tries out his speeches on her—either directly or through a tape-recorder—and often turns to her for approval after they have been delivered. Once, after he had been presented with the Grotius Medal before a distinguished audience at the Guildhall and had sat down after making a stirring speech on the theme of European unity, Lady Churchill whispered something in his ear. It must have been: "You forgot to thank them for the medal"—for he made an additional speech and then turned to her with a broad grin.

The Churchills have not had an easy life. At the time of their marriage, he had recently resigned from the Conservative Party and was shunned by much of society. After the first World War, he lost three elections in a row. Later there were the years in the wilderness before the second World War and, after his brilliant wartime leadership, rejection by the people he had led to victory.

Throughout his career Lady Churchill has shared his trials. She has fought in all his elections and when he was taken ill with appendicitis in 1922 completely took over his Dundee campaign. She has been at his side when voters have spat on him and but for her presence, Orangemen would have thrown him in the river after a stormy Belfast meeting in 1912. A year before this, labour pains had forced her to leave a political function. Shortly after she arrived home she gave birth to Randolph.

Her sense of loyalty never fails her. Shortly after her marriage, she was staying at Blenheim while her husband was away. At a large dinner party, complete with pompous guests and powdered footmen, her host, the Duke of Marlborough, made a sneering remark about Prime Minister Asquith. "You're not to talk like that about Winston's chief," she snapped.

Her host smiled indulgently. "My dear Clemmie," he pleaded.

Mrs. Churchill's eyes were flashing. "I warn you," she said.

Deliberately, the Duke repeated his remark.

Mrs. Churchill rose, beckoned to her sister and went up to her room to pack. Rejecting an apology from the Duke, they arranged their own transport back to London.

THE Churchills have had their share of the tragedies and anxieties that can afflict any family. In 1921 they lost their three-year-old daughter Marigold and they have seen the break-up of the marriages of three of their four surviving children. Like millions of other first World War wives, Lady Churchill put a brave face on it when her husband, sacked from the Admiralty, buckled on his sword and sailed for France. In the second World War his reckless comings and goings during the bombing of London caused her almost as much anxiety.

Restless, exacting and sometimes peevish, Churchill is not an easy man to live with.

During the war, when his son-in-law Vic Oliver struck up the Blue Danube waltz on the Chequers piano, he started to dance clumsily about the room. As a joke Oliver switched to the opening bars of Chopin's Funeral March. Churchill broke off angrily and stumped out of the room. But within a few minutes, Mrs. Churchill had brought him round.

His occasional absent-mindedness—it is said that he wore odd shoes at their wedding—merely makes her smile. On one occasion, he took exception to a dressing-gown her dressmaker had just made up for her and expressed his strong dislike of the material. "Where did you get it?" he thundered. "Why, dear," said Mrs. Churchill, "you brought it from Cairo for me. Don't you remember?"

In character they are utterly different. He is uninhibited and gives vent to every mood that takes him. She is poised, rather formal and averse from public displays of temperament. He is self-indulgent and delights in large helpings of heavy Victorian food. She diets to keep her figure. The way in which they address each other sums up their different attitudes. She calls him Winston. He calls her Clemmie.

At Chartwell, their Kentish home, Churchill

1914 A visit to Hendon Aerodrome in 1914. When Churchill was sacked from the Admiralty he went to France—to fight

1919 The Churchills with daughter Sarah. About this time he fiercely attacked Bolshevism

1954 A speech earns a wifely pat. Once when he was ill his wife took over his election campaign

1955 The Queen comes to dinner. The Churchills' brilliant marriage has spanned five reigns

knows all the many animals by name. At one dinner party, he was about to carve a goose when a tear came into his eye and he pushed the plate away from him. "You carve him, Clemmie," he said. "He was a friend of mine."

"Certainly, dear," said Mrs. Churchill. He was a friend of hers, too, but she had no qualms about carving him.

VISITORS to Chartwell have sometimes been surprised at the extent to which Mrs. Churchill directs her husband's life. During the war a dressmaker called at No. 10 Downing Street to try some dresses on her and Churchill himself ambled into the room. "Madame told him all the places he was to be that day and not to be late," she reported with surprise. "Monsieur just said, 'All right, darling.' "

On another occasion, Lord Norwich reported seeing them together one morning, Churchill wearing a cowboy hat, a siren-suit and a silk dressing-gown embroidered with a gold dragon. 'Clemmie said she had given Winston a lecture his morning on the importance of not quarreling with de Gaulle. He had grumbled at the ime but she thought it would bear fruit."

One of her recurring worries is trying to keep him on time for appointments. He puts off his departure until the last moment and then, when his deadline is almost impossibly close, sits on the edge of the back seat barking "faster, faster!" at his chauffeur. Seeing him off at these times, Mrs. Churchill invariably ends her instructions for the journey with the words: "And please don't drive too fast, Winston."

The Churchills first met during the Dundee election in 1908. At thirty-three, he was the son of Lord Randolph Churchill and had already capped an education at Harrow, Sandhurst and a cavalry regiment in India with war reporting in South Africa and an escape from the Boers which had made him world famous. He had already been in Parliament and had left the Conservatives over Tariff Reform.

She at twenty-three was the granddaughter of the Countess of Airlie, a staunch Liberal with whom she was working in Dundee. During the election excitement, he was too pre-occupied to notice her. But not so his American mother. Believing that Clementine Hozier would make an excellent wife for her son, she arranged that she should sit next to him at a dinner.

Churchill arrived ten minutes late, spoke a few words to an older woman whose escort he was supposed to be and then suddenly saw Clementine. For the rest of the meal, he hardly noticed the other guests.

During the next few weeks they met frequently. One day, in a pagoda overlooking the lake at Blenheim, Churchill proposed. The subsequent marriage—between the President of the Board of Trade and one of the leading society beauties of the day—took place at St. Margaret's, Westminster. The evening papers ran special half-hour editions to carry bulletins about the wedding.

The next fifty years spanned five reigns and some of the most momentous events in the history of the world. They brought fame, power, bitter disappointment and glorious exultation. The Churchills' family life has been as rich as their public life has been active. They have nine grandchildren and an assured place in history.

LADY CHURCHILL has herself shown an amused awareness of what she has meant to her husband. When she was speaking for him during the 1950 election, a heckler handed up a newspaper cutting which quoted a fierce criticism of Conservative policy made by Mr. Churchill in 1908.

She glanced at it and then read it aloud to the crowd. "I have been married to my husband forty-one years," she said. "This statement was made forty-two years ago—before I got control of him."

Sir Winston himself has said: "It would not have been possible for any public man to get through what I have gone through without the devoted assistance of what we call in England one's better half." KEITH ELLIS

THE POEM OF

ALL MY DAYS

by NORAH BURKE

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN BERRY

and stick I wandered through teeming

bazaars and the high, wild hills—until I found

that was above gold and mortality . . .

I AM not sure, but I think I have something the police should know. So write, *Babujee*! Write, as I tell you. It happened like this. . . .

Now that I am an old man, I am come up here into these mountains, in search of an idea for a poem.

It seems to me that when the stress of life is over, each man must seek one thing that is above gold and mortality. And this should be while he, though old, is yet hard and active, and can pursue it with all the strength of his being. For some, it lies in such work as ivory-carving; in contemplation, or in gardens. For me, this thing is a poem.

I cannot write, but all my life I have been making little verses in my head; and when I have got the great poem which I can feel inside me, it shall be dictated, like this account of my adventures, to *Babujee* who is writing it down for the police. . . .

No, I must tell it my own way.

The name?

Very well then, put: Name, Hanwant Singh, a Jat from Byagaon in Uttar Pradesh; a soldier farmer; and I have seen war service, too; but lately I gave the land to my sons and their sons, and started on my search.

The family did not wish me to go. They sent my favourite granddaughter to plead with me. She sat at my feet, a lovely girl, modest and graceful in her sari, with the sun tumbling in the silver on her slender brown wrists.

"Father of Mohan, do not go!" she begged. "You will fall among thieves, and you are so easily tricked."

Me! But I could smile at youth. So I made no protest and I comforted her. "I shall take nothing with me. Only a bowl and a stick. Thieves will not trouble me."

"You are old. You need good warm food. Even though everyone in Hindustan welcomes the chance to acquire merit by feeding a *sadhu*, those wandering wise ones are sometimes hungry. You will often be cold and homeless."

I saw cities and temples, merchants and dancers—and everywhere people were good. But I did not find my poem

As she spoke, I could smell our meal cooking. It was to be vegetable curry and hot fresh chupattis. The good smells and good food of home! I thought of thin wheaten cakes, too, and halwa and jellabies. I thought of *gulab jamon*, which tastes of rose petals.

The girl cried: "There are those who have no god. If you go forth in the innocence of your old heart, they will slit your throat for the simple cotton that you wear. . . ."

I went south towards Agra and Gwalior and those places I have heard about, because it seemed to me that in the teeming cities—in the flash and colour of the bazaars there would be great stories to be found—too many ever to write down.

There, where people flow in the streets like rivers, I should hear their many-languaged talk; I should visit the old forts, where elephants are hewn from rock; and the white palaces set with gems and splashed with bird-dirt.

And indeed I saw all these things and more—people—people—the rags, the valuable saris, beads painted gilt and run on to soft vermillion thread. I heard our national music. *Nautch* girls performed the classical Indian dances. There were bells and drums and shrieking wooden wheels. I felt dust under my feet and in the wrinkles of my face. My white hair was brown with it.

Everywhere people were good and gave me to eat, so that I fed well and slept on the earth; yet I did not find my poem.

One place there was a pool under a bauhinia tree, and all the transparent pink blossom reflected in the water. As I sat there, eating curds off a green leaf, I saw suddenly that inside the water among the pink reflections, there lay a little crocodile. My heart moved, as if for my poem. Yet no, this was not it, though something like.

But I am a hill man, and it tired me to walk on the flat, so I turned my steps north again towards Himalaya, and at once I knew I was right.

Somewhere up there, among the dark hills clothed in trees, with often a whole thunderstorm in the valley below you, my poem lay waiting for me in the earth, like an uncut diamond.

I turned my steps towards the wild places.

Travellers along the road filled my bowl with rice. Often red chillies and *masalah*, too, to give it heat. There were no thieves. Everyone was kind. When I lost my silver food bowl in a crowd one day, someone gave me another, a good earthenware one—look! They would offer me a cigarette, too, or a pull at a *hūqqa*.

"Mind you don't fall in with dacoits," they warned me when I reached the hills. "There is a gang of those robbers hereabouts, who will hold up a village and take the entire season's grain, or strangle a holy man for his turban."

I left the road, and I went on up alone among the scattered villages, where there are only goat-paths from one to the next, and the air is cool and clean. I sat in the doorways of these people for a time, and they fed me, even though they were paying extortion to the dacoits to avoid a raid. They gave me one of the big yellow corn-cobs that were piled to dry on their roofs; such as they had kept back for themselves after supplying the robbers, that is. And the children brought me sweet limes and thin-shelled walnuts.

I went out alone into the forests, among the trees and wild lawns, to listen to the wind, and to notice the way a leaf is made. To seek celestial truths. For I saw now that such things are to be found not in cities but in silence, where the veil is thin.

No, I took no weapon with me. Why should I? I wished no harm to any creature. Not even bear or tiger.

Oh, yes, I saw the tracks of both, but why should they harm me if I do not harm them?

It was while following tiger tracks that I got lost. For, I thought, this royal beast may give me what I am seeking. But the night came down suddenly, and cold.

AFTER wandering for a time, I saw a light. Not the camp fire itself, but light on the underbelly of the smoke. So I went towards it, and found eventually a well-screened fire, and about it a very comfortable camp.

A dozen men or so, armed, met me somewhat roughly at first, mistaking me for a dacoit, perhaps, but then these look-outs took me into the camp where others questioned me.

"Were you looking for us, old one? Who told you we were here? You mean to reveal our camp?"

"No," I said, "and it is a fine camp, too. Safe from dacoits, I should say. Secret, and well hid."

They looked at each other but did not answer my compliments.

There were women in the grass huts about us. They had been preparing a meal—I saw a pile of yellow cobs in a black blanket—and they gave me of their food; also a lime and walnuts.

During the night, two men came to me where I lay near the warm ashes. One bent down to peer at my face, but when he saw my eyes were open, he was startled and exclaimed: "You are awake, then, old one?"

Before I could answer, a woman called him, and I heard her say "No!" in a low loud voice.

"He will tell where our camp is."

"*No*," she said again. "He is old. Do not touch him."

She was standing at the door of her

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hut watching me, and holding her sari across her face, but I saw that her eyes were full of tears. I hoped that these men were not being unkind to her, and I have since wondered if she was looking to me for help?

In the morning I thanked everyone and took my leave early, for I did not wish to burden them with an extra mouth.

"We are going with you," said the two men who had stood by me in the night, "to—to help you find your way."

"But I can find my own way," I cried, astonished. "It is daylight."

However, they insisted. *Kind but stupid,* I thought. They must have been feeling foolish, too, for they would not look at me.

As the three of us left, I glanced into the hut where the woman had stood. There was nothing to be seen in the darkness at the back, but I could hear quiet sobbing as if in despair.

It was yet early, and cold, with heavy mist. We could scarcely see the ground at our feet; but soon I recognized where we were, because the tiger track I had been following yesterday was there and new pug-marks besides.

There is something about fresh tiger tracks that speaks to the very blood; and as I stood looking at them I thought: *A tiger—the soul of India! Is this my poem?*

My two companions were clearly not jungle men by birth, for they took no notice at first, until suddenly they seized my arms each side, and I thought they must have seen the tiger and wanted to save me from approaching too close, since I was unarmed.

I gave a warning hiss through my teeth to stop them speaking, because no animal waits once a human voice has been heard.

They paused and listened.

But in the silence the only sound was the silvery drip of water from trees as the mist settled.

"What is it?" breathed one of the men, and shook my arm, nearly pulling it off.

I frowned at him for whispering. I would not risk words myself for fear of frightening the tiger. I jerked my head to show there was something in front of us. The men were puzzled. They loosed their hold, and I followed the track on tiptoe, they behind me.

The tiger had turned off along an old overgrown path which leads, I have discovered, to an abandoned village. Soon you could see the shape of old fields, now gone out of cultivation, and the stone walls broken. Millet still appears there, though, and other crops. So I daresay wild pig and deer still visit the place, and beasts of prey come for them. The mist was lifting fast.

Before us swirled one last huge cloud, shot with sunlight. Attacked by wind and day, it struggled—condensed—until, as it rose, it distilled in agony one drop of its essential gold, and I saw my tiger.

Among the weeds, not twenty paces off, as if left by the cloud, there he lay.

In that moment I received my poem.

No man can understand creation for more than one instant. If such exaltation stayed longer, it would kill him. But for me, it came then, and left my poem behind it.

At the same time, the tiger saw us, too. He was not stalking, but resting after the night, and now he turned his broad head back lazily over one shoulder and saw us. He got to his feet. . . .

I glanced round at my companions, to share the excitement, but do you know?—they were gone. I never saw them again.

When I looked back, the tiger, too, had vanished. A wave in the nettles showed the way he went as he removed himself from the unpleasant company of men. I came home as fast as I could, to work on my poem.

In the meantime, I think the police should go to that camp and find out if that woman is all right, the one I heard sobbing. THE END

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Members of a tasting panel ponder on flavours. Biscuit makers compete fiercely to be first with new best sellers; but public taste is erratic

You're taking the biscuit —and how!

by JEROME HOOD

Sweet, salty, round or square, they're munched by the million. It's the richest, tastiest boom in years

ON a warm, listless day in June this year the London Stock Exchange was shaken by a sudden commotion. A financial reporter, telephoning his office, had got as far as saying, "Business is small with most share prices drifting," when the uproar made him drop the phone and rush to see what was happening.

He found that Associated Biscuits had come on the market with an offer of £2 million worth of stock at six per cent.

Steel was down, shipping was down. Shares in such mighty industries as aircraft, motors, oils and textiles could find no takers. But the chance of buying into biscuits brought stock-brokers running from all over the building.

When the results of the scramble were announced, there were whistles of astonishment all round. For the £2 million worth of shares available, £68 million had been offered.

To the top men in Britain's food industries, the fantastic rush to buy biscuit shares came as no surprise. "We're all munching twice as many biscuits as in 1948," says Edward Cooper, an executive of one big East London firm. "Everyone expected some increase in consumption after rationing, but few imagined sales would continue up and up every year. There seems to be no top limit to the market at all."

A sharp increase in consumption, attributed partly to changing social habits—elevenses and television watching are two—has rocketed biscuits to sixth place in the list of best-selling grocery lines after such staples as eggs, butter, sugar, bacon and tea. Over ten thousand tons are sold every week, an average of eighteen biscuits a head.

The value of the market and its dependence on such erratic factors as the housewife's fancy, television programmes and the weather, has set manufacturers eyeing each other closely for signs of new biscuits going into production.

When one firm brought out a line of pineapple shortcake in a test area two or three years ago, it proved so popular that sales of other varieties slumped. Competitors at once gave battle with novelties of their own. Nobody knows who won. The pineapple shortcake is still selling well, but so are many of the competing novelties.

Rival firms are quick to analyse each other's products. As soon as a new biscuit appears it is quickly broken down in the laboratory into its constituent proportions of fat, flour, sugar and moisture. By trying out a variety of flavourings and test-baking a few dozen samples, chemists can produce a copy within a few hours.

Most companies have tasting panels to sample experimental products. "Sometimes we have over a hundred variations of a single biscuit to taste," says J. Denys Gales, advertising manager of a big Reading firm. "The tasting has often to be spread over several sessions."

That taste can be an acutely personal factor was brought home sharply to one firm three years ago. Before introducing a new savoury biscuit it looked for an average housewife to join its tasting panel. After much poring over dossiers, a Birmingham woman was chosen.

At the first session members of the panel wondered if something was wrong with their taste. Each new version of the biscuit was turned down by the housewife as too insipid. At the second session she chose a biscuit so salty that everyone else who tasted it grimaced. The chairman's secretary asked her to step into the next room, and emerged after a few minutes, smiling. "Her dossier showed everything except one detail," she said. "She's expecting a baby and has developed a taste for salty things."

Savoury biscuits have proved particularly popular in the last two or three years. The reason seems to be that manufacturers are using milder flavours. "We've discovered that the ideal in a savoury," says one company executive, "is an elusive taste that the palate can't quite distinguish.

"The best on the market is a cheese straw made by one of our competitors. We still haven't broken that one down. While you're eating it, it seems almost tasteless. It's only when you've finished that you get the intriguing after-taste."

This particular biscuit, which retails at 5s. per pound, is made from a mixture of spices and several different types of cheese, including Cheddar, Edam, Gruyère and Rocquefort—blended in strictly undisclosed proportions.

Biscuit tastes tend to be strongly regional in Britain. In Scotland and the north they like them sweet and heavy, in such varieties as chocolate digestive, custard cream and shortcake. In the south and west, light, crisp biscuits of the Nice, Marie and wafer type are preferred. During the holiday season there is a heavy demand from coastal resorts for crackers—a favourite among boarding-house landladies.

More than two thousand varieties of biscuits are on the market, in eight main grades: chocolate-coated, sweet and semi-sweet, plain and savoury, crisp-bread, rusks, wafers, sweetmeal and oatcakes.

The biggest sellers are in the sweet and semi-sweet range, and intense competition has

Continued on page 23

"When the sharks come you pretend they are porpoises," Kelly had told her. Now the killers were closing in — and she was afraid . . .

MISS ANN

by RONALD SERCOMBE

ILLUSTRATED BY WYLES

The sun was blindingly brilliant. The south-east trade wind was soothingly soft. The colour of the water was unbelievable—a dazzling, deep emerald in which swam fish with crimson stripes and purple whiskers. Kelly dozed on the aft deck of his Bahamian catboat. He had lowered the sail so that the canvas, now bulging, protected his eyes.

"Kelly!" The shout was loud, rude. But Kelly went on dozing. Beneath him, deep in the emerald water, the worms worked, busily building a greater island—even as they had worked for millions of years to create the vast chunks of expensive coral that are now known as the British West Indies.

"Kelly!" The voice of the harbourmaster, Captain Freddie Smythe, was as strident as his face was sour. Kelly opened his eyes reluctantly. His large lips separated. White teeth shone as he found his voice. "Yes, sir, Mr. Smythe."

Kelly's accent, an admixture of soft Spanish and clipped British, was a common inflection among the islanders; a never-ending charm to the tourists who came to New Providence.

"Get that tub of yours away from the quay," Smythe growled. "I've got some customers."

"Yes, sir."

Slowly, methodically, efficiently, Kelly raised the sail on Susie and cast off. The little sailing boat was wafted away from the quay. Her imposing substitute, Captain Smythe's Love Alone, a gleaming thirty-six-footer, purred into place beside the quay.

Kelly dropped anchor close to the beach. Curiously he watched Captain Smythe's customers: a middle-aged, portly and stern-faced man; a sun-tanned, grey-haired woman—with a very nice figure, Kelly thought, but a sad face; and a small, unhappy-looking, black-haired girl.

It was about seven o'clock, which was very early in the morning for business. Breakfast in the hotel wouldn't be served until eight thirty. *However,* Kelly thought, *a shilling is a shilling, whether at seven in the morning or seven at night.*

He went to the cabin and took his guitar out of its canvas bag. While the customers dickered with Captain Smythe, Kelly plunked the guitar and sang a calypso. He enjoyed singing and he had a pleasant, husky voice.

He sang:

My God it was thirty-three souls on the water;
Run come see, run come see.
Thirty-three souls on the water;
Run come see, Jerusalem.

The customers completed their business with Smythe and started back towards the hotel. The girl heard Kelly singing and said something to the stern-faced man, who reached into a pocket of his shorts. Kelly stopped playing. He caught the coin that was tossed at him.

"Thank you, sir," Kelly said, beaming.

"Thank you."

The girl was watching Kelly closely. She turned to the man and Kelly heard her say: "Daddy, I want to go out in a sailing boat." Kelly had very sharp ears, when he wanted to use them.

The little girl's father looked at the harbourmaster, and Captain Smythe glanced at his wrist watch and said: "Oh, you'll find that Kelly is reliable, sir. She'd have time for a trip down to the Sea Gardens before breakfast."

Kelly looked up a little anxiously. His skin was the darkest brown; his eyes squirrel bright. The father, before he spoke, glanced first at the woman. Then he said: "All right, Ann." He looked sharply at Kelly. "You must have her back in time for breakfast. How much is it?"

Captain Smythe quickly stepped in. "That's all right, sir. It's a pound an hour, for a single passenger. We'll just put it on your hotel bill."

Ann climbed eagerly aboard the Susie. "You take good care of her, now," her father said.

Kelly nodded and smiled. "Don't you be concerned, sir." He smiled shyly at his customer. He hoisted the anchor.

"I'm Ann Thompson," the girl said as Kelly finally settled down beside the tiller. "You're Kelly, I know." She glanced back, dubiously, at the diminishing quay. "I suppose you have awfully big storms here, Mr. Kelly."

Kelly nodded. "Would you sit over here, please? We must tack."

Obediently she complied.

"Sometimes," Kelly said, as the Susie took a new course, "the storms are very large. There is one now, named Betsy, just below Puerto Rico. It is coming this way, but will miss us by several hundred miles, they say."

"Oh!" Now she seemed excited. "Will there be strong winds and a lot of rain?"

Kelly shook his head as his eyes studied the water. "The water may be high. It is high already. We will have strange currents. But not much wind or rain."

She seemed disappointed.

Kelly pointed to a pinewood bucket which lay

Kelly headed the boat in fast. "Don't splash!" he screamed. "Just float...!"

just inside the cabin. "We are near the Sea Gardens. That is a glass-bottom bucket. You hold it over the side, just a little under water, and look at the gardens."

He lowered the sail. They drifted over the gardens. Four fathoms below Ann could see yellow, green, red and pink seaweed, flowing like a woman's long hair over crimson and cobalt reefs. Rainbow-hued fish, fish with the beaks of parrots, and long, sinewy, sinister fish wove in and out of the seaweed.

For five minutes she was speechless. "Oh, Mr. Kelly," she said finally, "it's beautiful."

"Yes," said Kelly softly. He felt that she had actually captured the magic of the islands, and the feeling made him warm. "Now, if we move right on, I can show you Treasure Island."

"You mean the real Treasure Island?"

Kelly said: "I believe so. They say it is the island where Mr. Stevenson obtained his idea for the story."

Then they hoisted the sail again. Kelly said: "You wish to steer?"

"Gosh, yes! This is wonderful, Mr. Kelly." The girl grabbed the worn tiller with both hands.

"Just call me Kelly," Kelly said. He went forward into the cabin and came back with a two-quart bottle of water in which he had a few ice cubes that he had got from the hotel. He took a deep, invigorating swig.

"Me, too, Kelly," said Ann. Her eyes were shining.

Kelly looked perplexed. He had neither tumblers nor cups.

"Give it to me," Ann said, raising one hand from the tiller. Kelly obliged and she drank deeply. "Gosh!" she said. "That tastes good. Everything around the islands seems good."

As they sailed into the shadow cast by Treasure Island, Kelly took over the tiller. The island was ominous, its shadow sinister. High above them rose grey and black pitted coral that resembled ancient lava. There were a few stunted coconut trees and an occasional mangrove bush, but no birds, no life, no feeling; in fact no sound at all save for the occasional deep booming of the surf and a rushing, hissing sound, as the water poured in and out of the black pits in the coral.

It was the deep booming, however, that disturbed Kelly. He hauled the tiller against his chest.

"We have been gone," he said, looking at the sun, "about half an hour. I think we had better return."

Ann wore a wrist watch. She glanced at it and pouted. "We've only been gone twenty-five minutes. I don't want to go back."

"We must, Miss Ann."

THEY started back. After a little while Ann said: "Oh, look! Isn't that gorgeous?"

Kelly nodded. They had sailed in close to a tiny coral island that was ablaze with flame vine and studded with lush coconut palms bordered by majestic Australian pines.

"That is Honeymoon Island," Kelly said softly. "Behind those palms, Miss Ann, there is a little thatched hut."

"Can we go on the island?"

Kelly dropped the sail. His brown eyes studied the water. His ears analysed the surf. "I do not believe it would be good to cross the reef into the lagoon right now." He looked at the sun again. "Besides. . . ."

The child pouted. "If I'm half an hour late, it won't matter." She looked at the lagoon beyond the reef. The water was crystal clear; the sand dazzling white. "Kelly. . . ." She paused. "Kelly, I wish I were your sister. I'd come out here every day with you."

Kelly smiled widely and his teeth shone. "I would be happy to bring you out here every day."

At that moment Kelly felt a sudden surging of the water and the trembling of Susie. There was no time to hoist the sail, so he grabbed an oar. Desperately he brought Susie's bow around to the south-east. Then he paddled—paddled furiously and sweated. The Susie moved slowly, awkwardly, away from the island. . . .

They met the wave bow on. The Susie rose as though lifted by a giant hand. Kelly dropped the oar and grabbed Ann. He forced her down against the floorboards.

Another monstrous wave came; then another. They struck the reef, fifty feet behind Susie, shooting great geysers high into the sky—geysers that tumbled down in glittering cascades. The backwash sucked Susie toward the reef.

Again Kelly grabbed an oar and paddled madly. But, just as suddenly as it had struck, the terror was over. The water was calm, emerald, beautiful, flecked with white foam.

Ann raised her head. Her eyes were round, her face white.

"What on earth was that, Kelly?"

HE took a deep breath. "They were ground swells, Miss Ann—from the storm called Betsy, I believe. Very dangerous. Even when the storms are hundreds of miles away, the trouble they can cause is bad."

"But—but——" Ann looked at the smooth water, the placid sky, the lush little island. "There was no warning."

"That is why they are dangerous. They can suck a ship against the reefs. I have seen it happen."

Ann shuddered.

Kelly's eyes were brooding. "When it happens, Miss Ann—when the ship gets sucked against the reef—you jump hard and swim as hard as you can for the deeper water. And when the sharks come, you pretend they are porpoises."

She looked at him curiously. Her eyes held some fear, but admiration and respect outshone it.

Kelly raised the sail and they moved peacefully and beautifully back towards the hotel.

Ann was still studying Kelly. "You look so—so—well, happy, inside. Are you?"

"I believe we all have troubles," said Kelly.

"I've got some bad ones," Ann said.

Kelly said nothing. He just looked ahead. He had learned, the hard way, that it never paid to become too friendly with tourists. Even so, this girl was something special, he thought.

"Mother is leaving Daddy," Ann said. "This is their last holiday. They call it a—a 'final settlement'."

Kelly was quiet. At last Ann said: "I am going with Mother. That is part of the final settlement. But Daddy can come to see me when he wants to."

"You like your mother best, yes?" It was a matter-of-fact question.

The answer was equally matter-of-fact. "I love them both, Kelly."

"Perhaps they will come back together again some day."

Ann shook her head. "Mother said the agreement to disagree was final."

Kelly spoke gently. "Nothing is final, Miss Ann."

"Oh, but this is." The child's large eyes were filling. "Mother and I are going back to England. Daddy will stay here. I'll bet you haven't any real troubles like this, Kelly."

Kelly smiled. Then he sighed. "I would wish to marry Susie—after whom the boat is named," he said, carefully and quietly. "I would wish to buy a little home and raise a family. But such things are expensive."

"But you can save, Kelly. Save and save."

He nodded. "Meanwhile there is Andros, who plays the drums at the Jungle Club. He would wish to marry Susie, too. Drumming pays faster than running a sailing boat. Perhaps Andros will win."

Ann looked perplexed. "Kelly, I heard Captain Smythe say you get a pound an hour, and I have seen you go out all day with people. You must earn about—well, ten pounds a day."

"Half for the hotel, Miss Ann, for the privilege of mooring at the hotel quay. Then"—Kelly hesitated—"Captain Smythe asks twenty per cent for what he calls the finder's fee. I am still paying twenty pounds a month on the purchase of Susie, and it will be another year before she is paid for."

"A finder's fee?" Ann said. She sounded puzzled. "But that's not fair——"

Kelly suddenly looked aghast. "I beg of you, please, to say nothing of the finder's fee. Captain Smythe would see to it that I lost my privilege. A lot of the boys seek the privilege of the hotel quay. Outside of this, we have little: some shelling, crayfishing, diving for coins for the tourists—or, perhaps, working in the turtle pits or the slaughter-house."

Ann looked unhappy.

"You will say nothing of this to anyone, please?" Kelly asked.

"Not if you say nothing about my father and my mother. Kelly, where is Susie?"

"She serves the breakfast scones in the hotel, and the hot rolls at night." Kelly manoeuvred the tiny boat skilfully toward the end of the hotel quay.

"Oh, I've seen her." Ann's eyes flashed. "She's lovely, Kelly."

Kelly nodded. "I think she is." He helped her over the rail on to the dock. Captain Smythe greeted her.

"It was a wonderful ride, Kelly," Ann said, waving at him. "We're going to be here three more days. I'll see you again."

"Thank you, Miss Thompson," said Kelly.

She was no sooner out of earshot than Captain Smythe said: "That makes three trips in two days. We will settle for two pounds, Kelly."

"But that's more——" Kelly started quietly.

"Use your head. I've got six boys hunting for a berth on this quay."

Kelly gave Captain Smythe two pound notes.

In the hotel kitchen, where he filled his water bottle and obtained a few cubes of ice from the chef, Kelly met Susie. She had an empty aluminium tray slung over a shoulder. The tray had a sliding cover.

"Hallo," Kelly said, smiling.

SUSIE returned the smile and nodded to the chef, who piled fresh hot scones into the tray.

"Hallo, Kelly," she said.

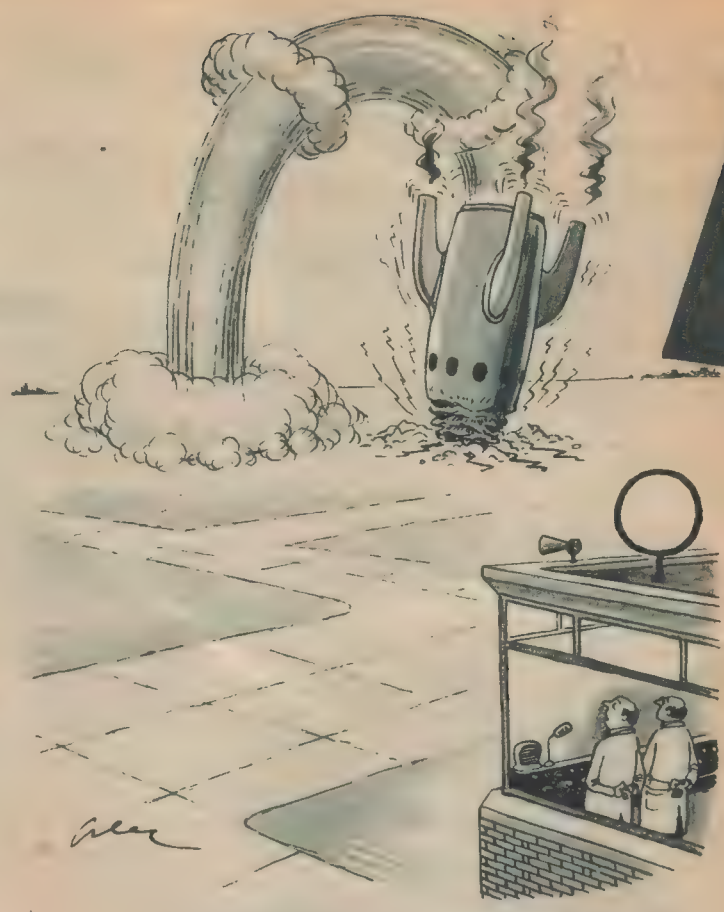
"See you tonight at seven beneath the large cork tree?" Kelly asked, a little anxiously.

Susie shook her head. "Tonight is the big banquet for the airlines companee."

"Tomorrow night, then?"

"Tomorrow night the big cruise ship comes in from Southampton. And three airliners. I will have to work late."

Despondently, Kelly returned to his other Susie. He stretched out on deck and closed his eyes. With their closing, he felt a triumphant sense of release



"Left his handbrake on, I shouldn't wonder . . ."

Sally

Sally came back from the last sales with a fantastic collection of useless objects, including a tubular tropical chair, a waffle iron and an unrecognizable *thing* she informed me was a plant-holder.

But they were all such bargains, she insisted, when I asked what she could possibly want with, for instance, a dozen square teapots. And it had to be a dozen; for one thing the idea was to stack a lot together, so why buy one? And for another, by buying twelve she'd saved twelve times the reduction. "Slashed" was what they called it, she said.

I stirred moodily at an unidentifiable garment of purple tweed. That, Sally said, had been a matter of principle between her and a ghastly woman who'd pushed past her in the queue. Sally had won.

Then I found the hat—a breath of tulle, a shower of petals, a model, no less. I cooed, I rapturized.

Oh, that, Sally said, going pink. Yes it was heaven, and no it wasn't actually in a sale, and yes it was just the least bit expensive. But, and she

IN SHORT

brightened like a neon, she'd added up everything she'd saved on the other things, and—would I believe it—the answer was the price of the hat.

So, looking at it one way, it had cost her nothing. Which was a real bargain, if I liked.

DAPHNE BOUTWOOD

Foreign Affairs

American highway patrolman William Gregory was not sure if the motorist he stopped was a car thief. As a precaution Gregory ordered the suspect into his patrol car while he searched the other vehicle. The motorist smilingly obliged, got into Gregory's car—and drove off at high speed.

Seeing two eight-year-old girls fill their shopping baskets with groceries, then replace several articles with others off the shelves, the manager of a Lincoln, Nebraska, help-yourself store asked whether he could help them. "No, thanks," one little girl blandly answered. "We're just playing shops."

Sal Faisal gives customers of his Chicago cake shop a taste of romance. In some of his cakes are tiny pictures of men and women. If the customer is interested, he or she returns the photo to Sal, who arranges a meeting. "It's already started several flourishing romances," reports the baker.

I Don't Want To Make A Big Splash

You take the high dive
And I'll take the low dive,
Or, better, for *my* dive,
Just let it be no dive.
You pose intently,
Be careful of botching.
I'll slip in gently
When nobody's watching.

RICHARD ARMOUR

2000 And All That

That *fiancé* of yours was looking very thoughtful today. Is anything the matter?

Not really, Daddy. Harold's the serious type. And he's saving hard.

No more gallivanting around with the old scooter club, eh?

Actually, Harold was talking only today about holding a celebration.

Splendid. When?

In 1980. When we own our house.

You'll have to watch him, throwing his money about like that.

Oh, it'll only be a small affair. We shall be having a really big party in 2000. Harold will have an insurance falling due then, and so shall I. It's funny to be thinking about 2000, isn't it?

Funny? It's positively unhealthy. Anyway, I shan't be here, thank goodness.

You might just make it, Daddy, if you watch your waistline a bit more carefully. Look at all those old generals who draw their pensions for forty years.

You look at them. I'd rather not.

It's going to be a wonderful year, 2000, Harold says. Weekend trips to the moon and that sort of thing.

I bet the public libraries will still be full of old-age pensioners with nowhere else to sleep.

I wonder how people celebrated in 1000?

They probably rang monastery bells till everyone got concussion. Is Harold going to stay in the same job all his life?

Oh, yes, he doesn't want to lose his pension. He should be drawing it in 2003, but they might ask him to stay on until 2008.

I hope the pound is still worth something.

Just think—2000 would be your hundredth birthday. You could tell the local paper all about Queen Victoria's funeral——

I don't actually *remember* it, my dear.

Well, about Zeppelins, then, and how you were the first man in Kent to get National Health teeth.

That'll do, dear. You know, I'm getting worried about Harold and you—you both need a change. What are you doing next weekend?

I don't know yet, Daddy. I can never get Harold to plan that far ahead.

E. S. TURNER

Rain

"It's raining cats and dogs!"
The children used to run
To see the strange and awesome
sight—
But knew 'twas only fun.

Now science makes it real,
And in a gruesome race,
A dog, a monkey and a mouse
Come hurtling from space.

RHODA WARWICK

Starke's Holiday Guide Book

"Cycling not only provides healthy exercise; it gives an opportunity of getting out into the fresh air of the countryside"

from all trouble. Susie rocked gently. A golden sun burned furiously on the emerald waters, the blinding, white coral beaches. . . .

"Right this way, sir. We're all prepared for you. Happy to have you aboard. You, too, madam, and miss."

Even without opening his eyes, Kelly knew that Miss Ann and her parents were being ushered aboard the Love Alone by Captain Smythe. Kelly also knew the routine that would follow. The Love Alone would cruise past Cabbage Beach, Treasure Island and head for No Name Reef, which was at the edge of the Tongue of the Ocean and the mighty Bahamian deeps. There, at this time of year, they would fish for blue tuna. They would probably catch half a dozen small ones.

Then Captain Smythe would serve lunch and cocktails. He would, as always, indulge too heavily in the cocktails and tell "sea stories." Captain Smythe, Kelly knew, had been thrown out of West Palm Beach, Miami and Jamaica. Now he was trying Nassau. The island grapevine had it that he was a cousin of the hotel manager.

"Kelly, goodbye! . . . Kelly!" The voice was urgent.

Kelly sat up. The Love Alone was leaving the dock. Ann, standing alone in the stern and looking unhappy, was waving frantically.

"Goodbye, Ann—Miss Thompson!" Kelly shouted. "Good fishing, Miss Thompson!"

KELLY watched them leave the quay on Friday and Saturday morning. On Sunday morning, at five, he arose as usual and rode his bicycle to St. Andrew's Church.

For two hours he worked furiously, polishing the altar rail, the electric fans, the candelabra and the great gold cross. It was his regular Sunday job and he enjoyed it.

It was when he left the church that he saw the smoke, rising lazily, just off Honeymoon Island. For a moment his heart froze, because Ann had told him on Saturday where they were going next day.

On his English bike it took him less than five minutes to reach the hotel quay, less than thirty seconds to race out to the end of the quay and hop into the hotel's sixteen-foot utility boat, which had a thirty-horsepower outboard motor. He started it and it roared into action.

The assistant harbour master, whose name was Reed, came running after him.

"Kelly, get out of that boat!" he shouted. He grabbed the painter and hauled the small boat close to the pier.

Kelly's hand dived into a back pocket. The knife blade gleamed briefly. One quick slash and the boat was free. He opened the throttle wide and the rooster's tail of the wake rose high.

Kelly knew short cuts around Cabbage Beach, across Neverlands Deeps, to Honeymoon Island. He took them with the engine flat out, but as he drew near he was afraid he was too late. By now the smoke was more than a curl. It was a mass, black and swirling.

The Love Alone, her bow crumbled, stern breaking up, was smashing against the reef. There was no sign of life aboard. Flames were consuming the afterdeck, licking at the rails.

Kelly throttled down. His eyes were wild with fear. "Miss Thompson!" he screamed. "Miss Ann!"

The flames crackled. A ground swell pushed the Love Alone hard against the coral. It sounded like a huge eggshell crumbling.

Kelly's eyes desperately moved north, east, south and west. He saw something—it looked like a waterlogged fisherman's cork—bobbing north in the channel, far out from the reef. Simultaneously, out of the corner of an eye, he saw two figures wading in the lagoon behind the reef on Honeymoon Island. They were waving frantically.

Kelly revved the engine again. He headed for the bobbing cork. It was Ann. She was thrashing out with her arms, kicking hard with her legs, moving farther away from the reef. In the clear, deep water, only fifteen feet behind her, Kelly saw something else—two sinewy, grey shadows.

"Ann!" Kelly screamed. "Don't splash! Just float! Don't be afraid!"

ANN glanced over her shoulder. He saw the surprise, the gladness, the relief sweep over her face. But he also saw panic in her eyes. The boat swept past her. He grabbed and missed. He spun the boat so fast it nearly overturned.

This time he met her coming towards him and grabbed hard. His long arm reached out and pulled her into the boat.

Ten feet behind the boat, water splashed. The two grey shapes changed course.

"Oh-h-h!" Ann said. She was

John Bull sets a brilliant new standard of help and inspiration for the practical home-maker

MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME

by Roger Smithells

Moving day . . . and the Smithells family start to fill their new house at Chiswick. Smithells and his son built the hardboard dinghy in a bedroom

Next week, in the first of an exciting series of full-colour supplements, you will find sparkling ideas and down-to-earth guidance — to make elegance easy and comfort cheap. Britain's leading do-it-yourself expert has a fascinating programme to keep everybody in your family happily busy throughout the winter

Roger Smithells says . . .

We're starting all over again

I SEE a busy autumn ahead. We have just moved house and there are endless jobs to be done before we shall feel thoroughly at home. Most of these jobs we plan to do ourselves.

I grew up in a handy family. There was no Do-It-Yourself Movement in those days, but we did it just the same. My wife is a life-long do-it-yourself addict, too. We made our first home in three attics in a monstrous Victorian house. All the rooms had low, sloping ceilings and skylights. To see the world you had to climb on a chair and stick your head through the hole in the roof. But it was the cosiest home we ever had.

We painted the ceilings in a pale, glowing tangerine which gave a hint of sunlight, even on smoggy days. That was how I first discovered how much a room can be improved by a coloured ceiling. We learned a lot about home-making before we moved on.

Since then we have had twenty homes—semi-detached villas, army huts, town flats, haunted farmhouses—a bit of everything. True, I have never lived in a lighthouse, but I hope to still.

Most of our homes were in need of care and attention when we took them over. Transforming them on a do-it-yourself basis was hard but satisfying work. As our three children grew up they joined in the game. Home-making has been our family hobby. After each move we plan to settle down; but as soon as we have rescued one white elephant we fall in love with another.

Our twenty-first home is a pleasant, oldish house near the Thames at Chiswick. It has the air of a place which has been loved and in which people have been happy. The house has been modernized a little; but we plan improvements.

In the new home-making pages of JOHN BULL I shall report from time to time on the jobs we are tackling and pass on some of the tips we have learned in our many home-making adventures. I hope these ideas may help you with your own home planning and that you will get as much fun out of it as we do.

I like to hear news about other people's homes. If you have ideas to share with other readers or if you have problems with which you need help, please write to me at JOHN BULL, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope for a reply.

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panting. Her face was deathly white. "I did what you said, Kelly. I swam away from the reef. But . . . but"—the tears came now—"I got frightened."

Kelly removed his shirt. He wrapped it round her shivering shoulders. "You did fine, Miss Ann. What happened?" Kelly was feeling limp. There were beads of perspiration on his dark brown forehead.

"Mother and Daddy went on Honeymoon Island——" She straightened up suddenly. "Oh-h!"

"They're all right," Kelly said quickly.

"Captain Freddie and I were fishing beside the reef," Ann went on. "We caught some sandfish. Kelly, I told him he was awfully close."

"Yes, Miss Ann."

Now she was crying again, and Kelly, using a portion of the shirt sleeve, gently wiped her eyes.

"When the ground swells came, Kelly," Ann said, "he—Captain Freddie—was in the cabin, mixing some more drinks. We hit the reef and something exploded. That's all I remember—except what you told me—to swim away from the reef." She gripped his arm fiercely. "Where is Captain Freddie?"

"I believe," Kelly said, his eyes sweeping over the charred remnants of the Love Alone—"I believe he is gone, Ann."

"Oh, no, Kelly." She was crying again. "Kelly——"

Kelly put a finger to his lips and frowned. He was studying the water, listening. He could read the waters around New Providence as readily as a man can read a book.

He made up his mind. He opened the throttle and at full speed they roared through the gap in the reef. In the lagoon, Ann plunged out of the boat into the arms of her mother. Her father wrapped his large arms around both mother and daughter.

Kelly, in the boat, neither listened nor watched. His eyes were fixed and his ears were attuned to the sea beyond the reef.

After a while, he said quietly: "Mr. Thompson, I believe it would be well for us to leave now."

THE rooster's tail astern was rainbow-hued as they sped home. From two miles out, the hotel, brilliantly painted, looked like a shining ruby snuggling in the velvety emerald background. Mr. Thompson suddenly stood up in the bow. Kelly said nothing. He was used to the odd ways of tourists. But he cut the speed.

Mr. Thompson stared at the growing hotel. "Darling," Kelly heard him say to his wife, "I've made up my mind. This hotel is for sale—and it's a good property. I'm going to sell the other business and try it here. Will—will you try it with me?"

Mrs. Thompson stood up, too. Crazy tourists were always standing up in boats, so Kelly just cut the speed a little more.

Ann came bouncing back to the stern and sat down beside Kelly. Her eyes were laughing.

"Kelly," Mr. Thompson said suddenly, and his voice boomed like the surf, "how would you like to be harbour master at the hotel?"

Kelly thought about this for a moment. "I believe, Mr. Thompson," he said finally, "that I would prefer to have Susie."

Mr. Thompson looked bewildered.

Ann laughed. "Kelly's got two Susies, Daddy," she said. "He wants both of them."

Mr. Thompson still looked baffled. But his voice was aggressive.

"Well, what's wrong with that?" he said. "Two Susies and harbour master, too? What's to stop you?"

Kelly's teeth shone. "Nothing, I believe, Mr. Thompson," he said.

Ann said: "Here, Kelly, let me steer the boat a little and you sing. Yes?"

"Yes," said Kelly.

He took a guitar out of its canvas bag and sang as he had never sung before. THE END

© *Ronald Sercombe, 1958*

You're taking the biscuit —and how !

Continued from page 17

inspired many new ingredients. In recent years the housewife has been tempted by combinations of puréed nuts, pulped whole fruit, milk and honey, fudge and caramel.

Despite this, the backbone of most assortments is still comprised of three old faithfuls: Marie, introduced in 1875 to commemorate the marriage of the Grand Duchess Marie and the Duke of Edinburgh; Garibaldi, brought out in 1861 in honour of the Italian patriot; and Osborne, called after Queen Victoria's house on the Isle of Wight.

Most new biscuits are developed in laboratories, but very occasionally useful ideas come from outside the trade. Gales was visiting friends when he was offered some novel cookies. "The recipe had come down from the grandmother of my friend's wife, a New Zealander. The cookies incorporated tiny crumbs of hard chocolate. Since everyone present seemed to like them, I took a few away with me and let the laboratory have a go."

The result was pleasant, but too rich for commercial use. "The flavour needs breaking down, but we might do something with it eventually," says Gales.

Extremes of flavour are not popular. Banana and lime creams, two strongly-flavoured biscuits widely liked soon after rationing ended, have fallen off badly in recent years, although still in demand abroad.

British biscuits enjoy much snob appeal abroad—where they are expensive. "Most foreign countries have heavy embargoes to protect their own products," says Roger Blunt, secretary of the Cake and Biscuit Alliance. "In America our biscuits have to sell at double the price of American brands. Foreign biscuits aren't like ours. They're usually crackers or 'boudoir' varieties—little fancy things more like confectionery."

The available "free" markets tend to have eccentric tastes. One of them is Siam, where there is a mystifying demand for little English letter biscuits —sugar-coated biscuits in the shape of letters of the alphabet. Another is Central Africa. "The natives insist on a biscuit with a bit of kick in it," says Edward Cooper, whose firm tries to oblige. "We bake them a Ginger Gem, so fiery it would burn the mouth of a European."

In West Africa there is a regular demand for Plain Gems, water biscuits about the size of a halfpenny which weigh 550 to the pound. "The most important thing in their manufacture," says a director of the firm that makes them, "is to get the right number to the pound. The customers count them. We've never heard if anyone actually eats them, but they're most valuable as currency. The right price for a bride at the moment is three tins."

Until the Chinese put a stop to it, this firm had a steady but puzzling trade with Tibet. "The orders were always the same—for our special cream puff, a biscuit that needs a reinforced tin because of atmospheric changes. We didn't discover the reason until an explorer wrote to us. It seems the Tibetans tipped out the biscuits and used the tins."

British supremacy in biscuits is a result of our early sea-trading. Most of the big firms started life as ship's victuallers, specializing in "hardtack" —a flour and water ship's biscuit baked twice to render it bone dry for long sea voyages. The word biscuit comes from the French *bis-cuit* or "twice cooked."

The first important development from hardtack came only in the last century when a French pastry-cook added sugar and fat to the basic formula and produced Petit Beurre. Most modern sweet varieties stem from the first "short" pastry biscuit introduced by an East London firm as recently as 1902.

The housewife has little hope of equalling the consistency and texture of manufactured biscuits unless her oven can give several instant changes of temperature. Commercial biscuits are carried on a moving belt through baking tunnels 150 feet long, with burners set to vary the temperature every few yards. A Marie travels through the tunnel in eight and a half minutes, shortcake in twelve minutes.

BOOMING demand has brought big profits to the industry. They have been ploughed back into automation, which in turn has kept down the cost of biscuits. British biscuits—in the home market at least—are the cheapest in the world. Prices have risen only sixty per cent above pre-war, compared with 250 per cent rise for most other commodities.

The biggest development in recent years has been the "count line," chocolate-coated biscuits wrapped and sold individually. Introduced by a Scottish firm, the count line swept the country in a few months and has since been followed by a host of competitors. Most are simple cream sandwiches or wafers, and the men in biscuit laboratories are striving to find new varieties.

One man who thinks he has found them is Alfred Page, an independent biscuit consultant, who has recently taken out world patents on two new ideas. One is a "combination" biscuit incorporating separate layers of flavoured dough, claimed to give the same taste sensation as a cream sandwich, at half the price.

The other is a soft-centre casing—to widen the range of fillings. "Up to now, nobody has been able to invent a way of using semi-liquid fillings without deterioration of the biscuit-casing," he says. "My process makes possible a range of fillings from liqueur to soft cream, exactly like a box of chocolates."

Page is keeping the rights in both patents strictly to himself. "For the man who can develop a new biscuit in Britain today," he says, "a fortune lies waiting." THE END

End of the season

So soon the summer season's done:
The candy floss, shrimp teas, ice-cream
Go with the final summer sun
Into an autumn dream.

The fun-fairs and the dodgem cars,
The band, the waxworks and the pier
Will soon be silent, and the bars
Quiet for another year.

Illuminations throw their bright
Rainbow reflections on the sea
And die in glory on this night
That ends the season's spree.

Only two lovers, lost to reason,
Walk slowly by the darkened shore,
And, living in a different season,
Need nothing more.

DOUGLAS GIBSON

Curtain up— and my heart skips a beat

by LILIAN BOTTERILL

A million people now act in amateur dramatics. But only the producer sees the real drama of it

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE HANLEY

At her home Lilian Botterill fits costumes for the company's latest production, *Pygmalion*. She has often used her own furniture for stage props

THE notice, prominently displayed in the Foakes Memorial Hall, Dunmow, had been placed there the previous day by order of the county council. It stated baldly, "No Smoking on the Stage," and it put me in a fix.

We were due to open that evening in a performance of Priestley's play, *Mr. Kettle And Mrs. Moon*, which had recently been released for performance by amateurs. The play calls for several of the characters to smoke. As producer for the Dunmow Foakes Players, I partially solved the problem by acquiring joke cigarettes with lighted ends.

But when Leslie Buck, a local assistant bank manager, who was playing the part of Mr. Kettle, was asked by a supporting player why he was smoking pure Turkish tobacco, his teeth were clamped on an empty pipe.

Nobody who has anything to do with the amateur stage dares to watch the curtain rise without a mental crossing of fingers. We producers regard the unexpected as normal, errors as an occupational necessity, and improvisation as our stock-in-trade.

On our second, and final, night the first act had hardly started before a member of the audience decided to use the water closet behind the stage, and for an agonizing half-minute the dialogue was drowned by the roaring of the cistern.

Shortly afterwards Leslie Buck had to switch on the radiogram. Nothing happened. He furiously hummed the music of one of the dances from *Prince Igor*, beating time on a coal scuttle.

Several members of the supporting cast, unsettled by the mishaps, forgot their lines. I was kept very busy in my capacity of prompter, and as I was also responsible for off-stage effects, I was obliged to flit constantly from one side of the stage to the other.

My husband Scott, who was the stage manager and also a member of the cast, fiddled vainly with the radiogram through a gap in the curtains.

The Dunmow company is one of an estimated 30,000 amateur dramatic groups in Britain which have a total membership of about a million. Nearly every town and village with a population of more than four thousand has a local society; others are organized in factories, social clubs, women's organizations, schools, and in virtually every other type of community.

The amateur stage has produced such performers as Dame Edith Evans, Michael Redgrave, Emlyn Williams, Charles Laughton and Alec Clunes. Some amateur companies possess their own theatres and produce frequent performances of a professional standard. Last October the Middlesbrough Little Theatre Company—an amateur group—built the first major new theatre to be erected in Britain since the war, at a cost of £50,000.

But the majority of companies consist of a handful of enthusiasts indulging their favourite pastime in a variety of "theatres" ranging from corn exchanges to the open air.

Most have their own standards of performance; one dramatic society in Mexborough, Yorkshire, repaid one thousand advance bookings for the play *Your World And Mine* and cancelled the production after they decided that their dress rehearsal performance was unsatisfactory.

During the past few years an acute shortage of men has developed in amateur drama. Plays with all-women casts are now in great demand, and many new ones have been written.

Even this situation has its drawbacks; when a company at St. Albans gathered to discuss a forthcoming performance of the play *World Without Men*, last January, it was discovered that the seven members of the cast had become expectant mothers.

Plays must be carefully selected to match the resources of the company performing them, and the taste of the audience which it is hoped to attract. The producer of a young actors' group at Chalfont St. Peter, Bucks, recently selected an American play, *The Happy Journey*, for a festival performance.

In order not to overtax her available talent, she changed the American idiom into English, and substituted English place-names—then discovered that she was infringing the copyright laws. The problem was solved by appealing to the author, Thornton Wilder, who readily agreed to the transcription.

A producer's task requires considerable diplomacy, allied to the insight of a psychiatrist. Amateur players are frequently afflicted with nerves just before they are due to appear on

Producer Lilian Botterill shows the leading lady

how to scream at the Dunmow Foakes Players' rehearsal. In one play the butler had to kiss the maid—and his mutton-chop whiskers stuck to her face

stage. A Belgian girl who was about to make her début in one of my recent productions was stricken with nervousness.

She looked very attractive and I tried to comfort her by expressing the opinion that she was sure to be the star of the show. The remark was overheard by the leading lady who became almost hysterical in her annoyance.

Even more experienced performers sometimes find it difficult to remember their lines. Occasionally a player will skip several pages of dialogue, then return to a line which has been omitted earlier.

Once I was on stage with another amateur actress who dried up in the middle of a long soliloquy and confided in an undertone, "You carry on—I don't know any more." As I was familiar with both parts, I finished off her speech, then carried on with my own.

Audiences are normally tolerant of minor misfortunes, but their attitude can make or mar a play. A few years ago I played in a performance of *The Ghost Train* with the Stane Street Players. We played it as a spooky drama, and the audience found it quite spine chilling. Later, when we put on the same play at Takeley, a neighbouring village, the audience treated it as uproarious farce. We were compelled to change our style and play for the laughs.

Humour on the amateur stage is not always intentional, and often means a nightmare for the producer. In one of my earliest productions, a skit on Sherlock Holmes, the first act took place in a police station. In the second a professor's sitting-room was portrayed. The room might have looked more convincingly like a professor's if the scene shifters had remembered to take down from the wall an ostentatious notice board depicting wanted criminals.

In another production, where the action had moved through the period of a day, I noticed that a table which should have been laid for tea still carried the remains of breakfast.

Beginners normally have to be taught the simplest actions, like opening and closing a door correctly; most of them turn a complete circle during this operation. Many aspirants for stage honours use far too much make-up. The footlights are very unkind to this habit, and tend to put years on a face, particularly one which is normally rather haggard.

But young people often take easily and naturally to the stage. Last year the Howard de Walden trophy, competed for by drama groups from all over Britain, was won by the Grangetown Boys' Club, Middlesbrough.

In 1957 I produced a short play for a local festival with a cast of six girls whom I had coached on behalf of a local youth organization. One girl, who played the part of a German, produced a brilliantly sustained Teutonic lisp.

After the performance several members of the audience came backstage to congratulate me on finding a German girl for the part. As I was explaining that she was English, her voice emerged from the dressing-room in a rapid flow of speech which demonstrated the worst elements of the Cockney and Essex dialects.

The Dunmow company, like most, operates on a financial shoestring. Expenses for our two performances of *Mr. Kettle And Mrs. Moon*, which included the hire of the hall, royalties, lighting and advertising, amounted to £38 10s.; takings totalled £45; a profit of £6 10s. to set against a loss of £4 on the previous production.

Such tight budgeting means that we must be strictly economical. Many of the costumes are made by members of the cast. Most of the scenery is manufactured by my husband on the floor of the laundry which we own.

When, a few years ago, I produced *Night Must Fall* for the drama section of a youth club, I collected the scenery in a laundry van from a firm in Chiswick in order to save transport costs. In Trafalgar Square I was alarmed by the insistent hooting of other vehicles. Looking back, I saw a long trail of scenery lying in the roadway.

I had great difficulty in finding a wheelchair for the purposes of the play. Eventually I managed to borrow one from an elderly man who lived in the district, but we could only use it late in the evenings after he had gone to bed.

On the opening night I contrived to borrow another wheelchair from a neighbouring hospital. During the play the male lead left it on stage while he went off to fetch a can of paraffin. When he returned, the chair had begun to roll with gathering speed towards the audience. He grabbed it just as it reached the footlights.

The leading lady in the play developed appendicitis after the first performance and was taken to hospital. For the next performance the prompter went on stage and read the part from a book. But casting problems can often be resolved with a little ingenuity. In one play the actress who was to have taken the part of a woman doctor became ill. Her husband, who had been helping her to learn the part, was called in to fill the vacancy at short notice. All we had to do was change the sex of the doctor in the play.

Occasionally a play will take a different course from that prescribed by the author. I once produced a short farce for a dramatic group at Aldeburgh, Suffolk. The action involved an elderly woman who was seeking a husband.

When she came to a point where she had to pick up and read a copy of the *Matrimonial Times* from a table, the copy was not there. Suddenly it came flying in from the wings and landed neatly in front of her, propelled by a quick-thinking stage hand.

Later she was involved in a love scene with a butler. After the couple had embraced, one side of the butler's mutton-chop whiskers had transferred itself to the cheek of the heroine. She went on blatantly overplaying the part to the shrieking audience, completely unaware of the transmigration until the end of the scene.

The only spectator who kept a straight face was the producer; I had to—I was also playing the part of a maid. THE END

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Now the convict goes out to work

Continued from page 10

said to everyone: "That girl has stood by me for ten years. Not many women do that. I'd be a mug not to go straight after this, wouldn't I?"

George's friend was Fred, a brilliant motor fitter who had been unable to get out of the habit of selling cars which did not belong to him.

Fred was earning £16 a week with overtime working at a garage, and had saved £150.

He was good looking, and had three girl friends in Bristol. None of them knew that he was a prisoner, and he had great trouble explaining why he had to be home by 10 o'clock every night.

When Tom and his new mess-mates had finished supper, they sat around drinking tea and writing letters. Then some went to visit friends, some went for a drink, others stayed to read magazines or watch television.

Tom talked that evening to a well-spoken Londoner named Harry.

"Take my advice," Harry said, "and tell your workmates who you are right away. Otherwise your life will be hell. And don't make friends here. If you mix too much, you'll find that your £1 won't last until Friday. You want to save every penny you can while you are here. When you get out, you'll find that your best friends are £100 and a stamped insurance card."

Tom was determined to do what Harry said. But, when he went to work next day, he did not get around to telling his mates who he was. For weeks he lived a double life. He made excuses for not joining them for a drink after work, and for not going with them on their outings to watch Bristol Rovers play away.

As he had to deliver his pay packet intact, he could not subscribe to their Friday collections for sick workmates. One Friday, the collector said to him: "You're a mean so-and-so."

"I lost my temper," says Tom. "and told them who I was."

"We knew," said the collector. "We can always tell you chaps. You come on the site in new clothes."

After that, when he went to a new site to report, Tom told the other men right away that he came from Bristol Prison. And when he could not make his £1 stretch the week, they took the hat round for him.

On Saturday evenings he went to a quiet pub in the old Bristol market where he knew he would meet none of his fellow prisoners. He sat for hours holding half a pint of beer and listened to what other people said. The other regulars got to know him as the quiet little man in the corner who always left at 9.30.

He went home to Cardiff for Christmas, but he did not enjoy it because he did not want to meet his old friends and neighbours. The holiday taught him that he could not go back there to live. He was afraid of neighbours' gossip and felt less free than in prison. He decided to stay in Bristol. By now, he had friends there.

It was time to make plans. He would be released in six weeks, and he had saved £90. He asked the manager of his building firm if there was any chance of a job when he came out on licence.

"I'll take a chap like you any day," the manager said. "But remember—with a wife and family to keep and lodgings to pay for, you won't have much money to spare. I should go to evening classes and learn a trade."

So Tom went to evening classes to learn house painting.

Tom's determination to stay in Bristol nearly broke up his marriage. His wife said that they had a nice home in Cardiff, their friends were there and she and the children were staying. Their letters became angry. So he went to see the deputy governor, who told him: "Bring her up for the weekend. You can't talk by post."

She came and he found that it was their seventeen-year-old daughter who refused to move. Her boy friend was in Cardiff, and his wife was afraid to leave her behind alone. So Tom arranged that the girl should stay in Cardiff with his sister.

Tom was released with £102 saved, two suits and some household linen he had bought. He and his wife found a couple of furnished rooms, full of dark, overpowering and worn furniture, and depressing after his own home. But he makes no complaints. Luckily he has had a steady job ever since his release, and he still goes to evening classes.

He has two fears: that a depression in the building trade will leave him unemployed for a long time. Then it would be more difficult to keep straight. And that he will get mixed up in trouble through no fault of his own and lose his licence.

That nearly happened recently. A drunken Irishman insisted upon talking to him when he was quietly sipping a pint of beer.

The Irishman wanted to buy him a drink. He refused. The Irishman became piqued. Tom started to walk out, and the Irishman knocked him down. The landlord, who had not seen the incident, jumped the bar, grabbed Tom and the Irishman, and shouted: "Get out, both of you. If you come in here causing trouble again I'll call the police."

Moral indignation swelled inside Tom. But he said nothing.

"If you're in my shoes and you want to keep out of trouble," he says, "you have to take a lot without hitting back."

THE END

AVARICE—1

Avarice is only prudence and economy pushed to excess.

Chatfield

Gaeglers and the greyhound

by WALTER MACKEN

ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD O. ROSE

Gaeglers swears that locals raised their hats as they saw him looking at the statue—and that it was grinning at him

He was crafty, this dog. Lived like a prince on a quid a week and wouldn't even chase a hare

It was greed that attracted Gaeglers to the greyhound. He wasn't exactly a dog lover. He'd pat stray puppies, and he'd rarely kick a dog, but his attitude towards them was neutral, and it is doubtful if he would have ever tangled with the greyhound if it wasn't for Softshoe Sullivan.

Softshoe would sell his grandmother, if he had one, in order to lose money on the dogs.

Gaeglers accompanied him to the dog track this one night, because, according to Softshoe, every single race on the card was fixed, and he knew the winners.

"All right, Softshoe," he said. "I'll come just this once. But if your information is false, I may be angry with you."

"You can cut my throat, Gaeglers," said Softshoe, adding generously, "from ear to ear, if my information is not hot this time."

Dog tracks are the same everywhere. But it is exciting to see the dogs coming out of the boxes and chasing the phoney hare. Afterwards, Gaeglers told himself that he should have learned, from a proved fact like that, that greyhounds must be very stupid. At the time they just struck him as being pathetic.

The miracle of the evening was that Softshoe's information was correct. They backed the winners of the first five races.

Softshoe was hugging himself. "What did I tell you? What did I tell you?" He was all excited and counting the increasing shillings in his pockets.

Gaeglers's pockets didn't jingle. He was a note man.

"Contain yourself, Softshoe," said Gaeglers. "The evening isn't over. Let us go now and plunge weightily on the next one and see what happens."

"It's certain," said Softshoe. "It's a set-up. Wait and you'll see."

It couldn't last, of course. Gaeglers knew that it couldn't. A brindle bitch was to be the winner of the sixth race and so she would have been if a black and white dog hadn't come out of the box and run as if he had been reared on rocket fuel.

Gaeglers felt it was worth losing his money just to see the look on Softshoe's face. "Softshoe!" he said ominously.

"But he couldn't," Softshoe cried. "It's not fair. He ran square. It's a twist."

Gaeglers was laughing. He slapped Softshoe on the back. "You did well, Softshoe. Enough

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is enough. The run is over. That was a real fast dog. We will go back to the kennels and have a look at him."

Softshoe followed him disconsolately. "But it shouldn't have happened," he kept saying. "He should never have won. It's not honest."

Back at the kennels, they were shocked to see a man in a trenchcoat talking to the owner of the black and white dog, and counting notes into his palm. Each one was a fifty-pound note, and there were twenty of them. Then the man in the trenchcoat took the lead of the black and white dog and walked away with him, and the owner shouted after him: "Man, but you have a bargain, wait'll you see."

A BARGAIN! Gaeglers was horrified. "Hallo, Jack," he said, going up to the man who was carefully putting the money away in an inside pocket.

"Gaeglers!" said Jack. "What the hell are you doing here? Are you moving into the dog business now as well?" He laughed heartily.

"Were my old eyes deceiving me, Jack?" Gaeglers asked. "Or did I see that man give you a thousand pounds?"

"Faith, you did," said Jack. "Did you see that dog go? Oh, what a dog! It nearly broke my heart to sell him."

"Do you mean to say," asked Gaeglers, "that you got a thousand pounds for one little dog?"

"That's nothing, Gaeglers," said Jack earnestly. "I let him go cheap. I think I'll have a few more like him, later on. Sometimes it's good business, Gaeglers. You should start training a dog. I have a lovely young one at home, a son of the one that ran tonight. A winner. You take him. It'd be good for you, Gaeglers. Get you up early in the morning and make a fortune for you if you have patience."

Jack was sincere.

"I'll take him," said Gaeglers. "How much?"

Softshoe was disturbed. He pulled at Gaeglers's sleeve. "Are you gone cracked?" he asked.

Jack was looking closely at Gaeglers. "I'm not fooling you," he said. "This will be a good dog, if you work hard and patiently with him. You'll get more than your money back. You can have him for twenty pounds, no more, no less. I know what I'm talking about. This could be good for you."

"Let's go and see the pooch," said Gaeglers.

That's how he got the greyhound. He was an all-black dog with a splash of white on his chest and a hump on his hindquarters. Gaeglers didn't want to take him. He'd have taken any other of the litter in preference to him. But Jack insisted. "You can have any of the others for nothing, Gaeglers," he said, "but the black one is the boy. I know. Thousand-pound dogs are few and far between, but he could be one. You'll see."

So Gaeglers took the dog and called him Jet.

It is very difficult to love a greyhound. They are so lean and miserable that when you pat them there is no satisfaction to your palm—they seem to be all skin and bone. They are not very good at minding babies either, if you had any babies.

Gaeglers decided that they had cold eyes and were a purely commercial proposition. He went around looking for information on how to rear, feed and train the dog, and then decided that he knew more about it himself than the experts. And constantly in front of his eyes, he saw a thousand pounds.

Jet was a hungry dog. He'd eat four times his own weight, and all the food seemed to do for him was to press his bones against his skin. Gaeglers fed him good wheaten bread, with treacle and two eggs a day and also chopped lamb's liver. "He's better fed than a prince of the royal blood," he told Softshoe. "He's costing me a quid a week and he still looks like a dehydrated rat."

"In another six months," said Softshoe, "you'll be racing him, and the skinnier he is the better he'll run, for he'll be streamlined."

Gaeglers had good digs with Mrs. B. She was fond of him, but she never quite took to the dog, particularly as one of her cronies kept talking to her about reincarnation. She'd say to Gaeglers about Jet: "He's watching me. . . . I know that dog is watching me."

All of which added to the difficulties of Gaeglers.

Then, one Sunday morning when

AVARICE—2

It is not want but rather abundance that creates avarice.

Montaigne

Mrs. B. went to get the leg of lamb out of the cupboard to cook it for dinner, there was no sign of it. There was six pounds of meat gone. Nobody thought Jet would be able to open a cupboard, so, after the search, Mrs. B. went out the back and reviled the neighbours in a loud speech about how they were thieves and robbers, and how they would roast in hell with the fat of stolen meat sizzling in their bellies. Everybody in Mrs. B.'s house had to eat scrambled eggs for dinner that day.

Then eggs started to disappear from the cupboard, too. It was the oddest thing.

Unfortunately, Mrs. B. found eggshells on the other side of the next-door neighbour's wall, and the government code mark on the empty shells agreed with the ones she had bought, she said, so she called the young son of that house to her, grabbed him and boxed his ears, howling that he was an egg-stealer and the child of robbers. The mother of the boy naturally came to defend him, and things were hectic all round.

Then Gaeglers came home one day and glanced in the window before he opened the front door. He saw Jet, with his white teeth bared, delicately open the catch on the cupboard, reach in his head and come out with an egg in his mouth. Gaeglers went around the side of the house to watch him. Jet jumped the neighbour's wall and on the other side cracked the egg and, with the skill of long practice, scooped the contents. Then he went back into the house for more, and was just stretching his neck into the cupboard again when Gaeglers roared at him.

You should have seen the look on that dog's face.

Gaeglers should have beaten the dog. You can't reason with an animal. Personally, I believe that Gaeglers was rather proud of the dog's cleverness, being a little bit twisted that way himself. Anyway, all he did after shouting and scolding Jet was to buy a new catch for the cupboard, that the dog couldn't open.

It was years before Mrs. B. and the neighbours were reconciled.

The time came at last to train Jet. Gaeglers didn't like getting up early in the morning. Who does? So he made Softshoe come along, too, even if his eyes were glued with sleep.

"You got me into this," Gaeglers told him, "and you'll go the whole bitter road with it."

Outside the town, when they came to a field, he'd make Softshoe go over the wall and make off running like a hare. It took the dog about two months to realize that he was supposed to chase Softshoe, and then he was enthusiastic. He'd chase after him, jump on his back and knock him on his face. Softshoe didn't care for this, but Gaeglers said they might as well get a laugh for their money.

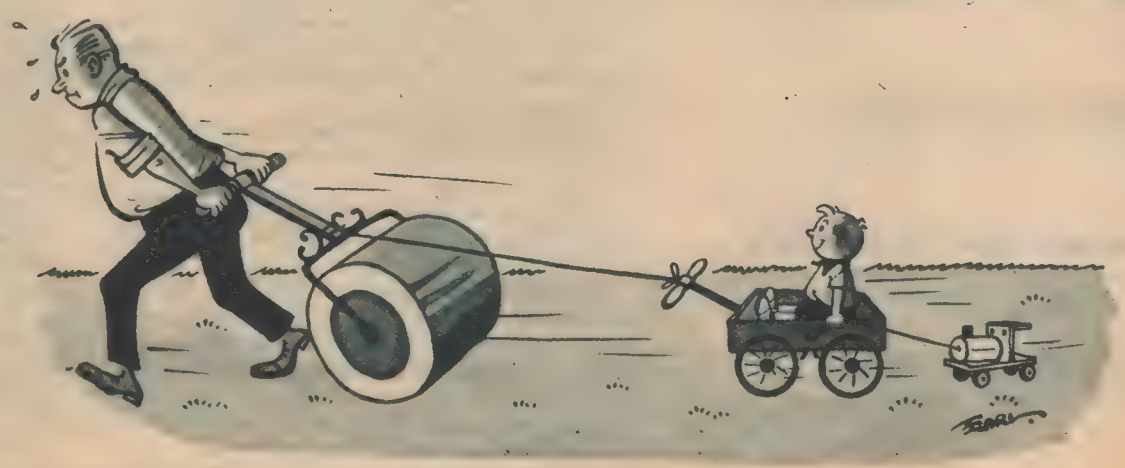
I personally think they made a mistake using Softshoe as a hare. After all, the dog had limited intelligence, and if he got used to chasing and coursing Softshoe, how could you expect him to be satisfied with a real hare? In that case, the only thing to do would be to mount Softshoe on the electric rail and set him going with Jet after him. When Softshoe heard this suggestion he went pale, because Gaeglers might do it.

Anyhow, the great day came at last when Jet was as big as he would ever be, and they would have to try him out on the real thing. Gaeglers borrowed an old van, packed the dog, a long lead and Softshoe aboard, and set out for the mountain districts.

NEAR the foot of the mountains there are great boggy plains where hares abound. That's what a local man told them. "In there," he said, waving his hand at a plain about ten miles wide, "there are more hares than horseflies, bad luck to them, and they eating the grazing of the sheep. Ye'll be tripping over them." Gaeglers was elated and they set off into the plain.

Well, it seems there were millions of midges, and they'd eat you down to the skeleton, but no hares. They must have tramped fifteen miles in circles, sinking in bogs, tortured by midges and horseflies, and at the end of the day they were wet, squelching and thoroughly miserable.

They sat on a mound to smoke a cigarette and there, almost under his feet, curled in a form, petrified with



Stations

I can never quite make my mind
up about stations,
as to liking them or hating.
I love them when they whisk
away relations
I have found boring.
I loathe the long and endless
waiting
for those I find adoring.

The hands of the station-clocks
close scissors-wise.
Time knocks the minutes,
snipping our brief days.
Someone we love
goes beyond hands or eyes
through the din and the smoke
and out of the station's haze.

But neutral or loving or hating,
the thrill of the stations remain
to hold and to bind me for ever,
to strengthen my friendships or
sever.
And the sinuous snake-like train
and the engines, steaming and
massive,
remain amidst all our moods
impenitent and impassive.

NOEL A. JONES

ear, Gaeglers saw the hare. He reached cautiously for the dog, brought him very slowly between his knees, and pointed his nose at the hare. This was the climax of all the sorrow, all the sacrifice, all the weary worry of the past year. Jet and a real hare were face to face at last.

"Now, Jet!" Gaeglers roared triumphantly, getting to his feet. "After him, boy, after him, catch him! Watch this, Softshoe!"

Jet didn't move.

"The hare!" Gaeglers shouted. "There he is! Get after him!"

The hare was bounding towards the horizon by now. Jet wasn't interested.

Gaeglers—I regret to report this—kicked the dog with his sodden shoe. The dog's tail went between his legs and he ran away. Gaeglers ran after him, raving mad. He was in a fierce temper. You could have lit a cigarette off him. Softshoe ran away from the dog and Gaeglers. Gaeglers chased the dog. Softshoe and Gaeglers were running four directions at once.

It was terrible. . . .

The next morning Jack was surprised to see Gaeglers on his doorstep with Jet and Softshoe.

"Jack," Gaeglers attacked him. "You were wrong. This dog is no good. This dog will never be any good. This dog wouldn't catch a rabbit that was dying of myxomatosis. He's a fraud. He has ruined my life."

"All right, Gaeglers," said Jack promptly. "I'll buy him back from you—purchase price and what he cost you to date. He will be a good dog."

"You're wrong, Jack," said Gaeglers, poking him in the chest with his finger. "This dog will never be any good. Give me the purchase price and you can have him. I want to suffer the rest myself, to teach me a lesson."

But he was back again the next day. Why? Because he missed the damn dog. That's a fact.

"No, Gaeglers," said Jack. "I'm sorry. The dog is gone. I sold him last night to a fellow from the south."

"Well," said Gaeglers, "that solves it. I'm well rid of him."

It took him a little time to become used to the dog's absence. He'd wake up early in the morning, when he should have been asleep.

Softshoe was very happy that the dog was gone.

Now here's the real heart of the matter. Years after this, Gaeglers happened to be motoring down south.

Towards evening he drove into this village, a small, contented village in the middle of fat southern land. He was going to drive right through the village, and then he stopped the car with a jerk at a sight that confronted him. There facing him, up on a pedestal, was the statue of a greyhound.

He got out of the car to go and look closer. There was a plaque under the statue that read:

To the Memory of the Greatest Dog
That Ever Raced in Ireland
EGGNOG

Gaeglers walked around the statue. It was cut from black stone, and there was a white insert on the dog's chest, and a hump on his hindquarters. To make it worse, Gaeglers reported, the dog was grinning at him.

Several men approached him. "You are pleased with our dog?" they asked. Gaeglers swears that they took off their hats.

"Was he really good?" Gaeglers asked.

"Good!" one man exclaimed. "He won between four and five thousand pounds in stakes, and he earned about three thousand in stud fees, and only God knows how many roofs he put on houses in this place at the expense of the bookies. It was a sad day when he died after eating too many duck eggs. He was a devil for eggs."

"Where did the dog come from?"

They told him. Gaeglers's heart sank. No mistake now. "That's where I'm from myself," he said.

"Well, aren't you the lucky man," they said, "to have come from the same place as Eggnog?"

That did it. Gaeglers was flooded with emotion. Which was why, in the local court of the place, he was fined a pound and costs for disturbing the peace and wilful assault, arising out of pelting mud at the statue.

You see, nobody had had the courage all those years to tell him that Jet had turned into the world-famous Eggnog.

My own opinion is that if they had put up a statue they should have put up one to Softshoe Sullivan, because that dog would never have amounted to anything but for the way Softshoe coursed him.

THE END

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HORNBLOWER'S HURRICANE

by C. S. FORESTER

ILLUSTRATED BY WYLES

Now the Admiral knew the bitter truth. For the crime she had committed his wife could be transported—for life

As the brig Pretty Jane thrashed her way to the north, homeward bound from Jamaica, Admiral Lord Hornblower was a man without cares. His wife, the lovely Barbara, was with him, and he was enjoying his first holiday in three hectic years. Then the hurricane struck. . . .

Until lately Hornblower had been Commander-in-Chief in West Indian waters. The appointment had brought him many knotty problems—not the least that of Bandsman Hudnutt, the young Marine cornet-player whose ear forbade him to flat the Bs in the march "Dondello."

His case had dismayed Hornblower—and Barbara. For the inevitable sentence for disobeying any order was death—or a murderous flogging. Fortunately, young Hudnutt had solved the problem by escaping from prison.

But now Jamaica was forgotten as the Pretty Jane was smashed by kiln-hot winds and tremendous seas. Across the reeling deck swept by churning water, Hornblower brought his wife to the mainmast, and lashed her there.

There was nothing more he could do for her; nothing—except stand at her side, tortured by exposure and thirst, and strive to remain alive.

FINAL INSTALMENT

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With the coming of night, however, the wind lost its brick-kiln heat and blew almost chilly, so that Hornblower found himself shivering a little.

He turned in the bonds that held him to the mast, and put his arms round Barbara, holding

Hornblower urged Barbara to drink from the remaining coconut. "I've had mine," he lied

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her to him to conserve her bodily warmth.

With the change in the temperature of the wind came a gradual moderation in its violence; Hornblower during those black hours would only allow himself to hope at first, but he became more and more convinced of it as the night wore on. At last there was no denying the fact. The wind was dying.

The motion of the Pretty Jane continued to be violent, as was only to be expected; the sea would take much longer to die away than would the wind. The brig was still pitching and plunging wildly, but she was not being swept by the waves to nearly such a great extent. The water ceased to be waist high; later on it only surged past their knees and the spray had ceased to drive past them.

With that, Hornblower was able to notice something else.

"Rain!" he said into Barbara's ear.

He took off his shirt—it tore into rags as he dragged it from the lines that encompassed him—and held it out in the invisible rain that lashed down.

He must not waste a second. The shirt was wet with sea water; he wrung it out, working over it feverishly, alternately with spreading it to the rain. He squeezed a fragment into his mouth: it was still salt. He tried again. He had never wished for anything so much as now, for the rainstorm to continue in this violence and for the sea spray not to be driving too thickly. The water he wrung from the fragment of shirt could be considered fresh now. He felt for Barbara's face with the sopping wet object, pressing it against her.

"Drink!" he croaked into her ear.

When she put up her hands to it, Hornblower guessed from her movements that she understood, that she was sucking the precious liquid from the fabric.

She yielded the shirt back to him at last, and he spread it to the rain again, hardly able to endure the delay. Then he could press it to his own mouth, head back, and gulp and swallow, half mad with pleasure.

He felt strength and hope returning—the strength came with the hope. Perhaps that shirt held five or six wine-glassfuls of water; it was sufficient to make this vast difference. He spread the shirt again above his head, to soak

AVARICE—3

Avarice is the vice of declining years.

George Bancroft

it again in the torrential rain, and gave it to Barbara, and, when she returned it to him in the darkness, he repeated the process for himself.

Hornblower had squeezed the shirt almost dry when he realized that while he was doing so the rain had ceased. And there, over the starboard bow, was the faintest hint of pink in the sky, not the threatening yellow of the hurricane, but the dawn of a different day.

He felt for the knots that held him bound, and by slow degrees he fumbled them undone. Then he released Barbara, and she at least could sit down, deck awash or not.

He eased her until her back was to the mast and then passed a line around her again, before attending to the other men lashed to the mast. As Hornblower began to cut the lines, first one and then another croaked at him.

"Water!" they said. "Water!" Not one of them had had the sense, during that roaring rainstorm in the dark, to soak his shirt.

"You'll have to wait for that, my lads," Hornblower said.

He made his way aft to the other group around the wheel and binnacle. There was a corpse here still hanging in its lashings—Knyvett, the captain. Another lay on the deck, among the feet of the six survivors here.

Nine men had survived, of the crew of sixteen, and apparently four had disappeared entirely, washed overboard during the night, or perhaps during the night before. Hornblower recognized the second mate and the steward. The group, even the second mate, were croaking for water just like the others, and to them Hornblower made the same grim reply.

"Get those dead men overboard," he added.

He took stock of the situation. Looking over the side he could see that the Pretty Jane, buoyed up by her cargo of coir, had about three feet of freeboard remaining. There was still a chance for them, or there would be if he could solve the water problem.

He turned to the tottering crew. "Get the hatches up," he ordered. "You, Mr. Mate, where are the water casks stowed?"

"Amidships," said the mate, running a dry tongue over his dry lips at the thought of water. "Aft of the main hatchway."

"Let's see," said Hornblower.

Water casks constructed to keep fresh water in would also perhaps keep sea water out. But no cask was ever quite tight; every cask leaked to some extent, and only a small amount of sea water percolating in would make the contents unfit to drink. And casks that had been churned about for two nights and a day by the surging sea water below decks would probably be stove in, every one of them.

When they looked down the open hatchway they could appreciate the difficulties. The hatchway was jammed with a couple of bales of coir. The water that had invaded the ship had floated up the cargo—Pretty Jane was actually supported by the upward pressure of the cargo on the underside of the deck. It was a miracle that she had not broken her back. And there was not a chance of going down there. It would be certain death to venture amid those surging bales.

There was a general groan of disappointment from the group round the hatchway. But another possibility was present in Hornblower's mind, and he turned upon the steward. "There were green coconuts for the use of the cabin," he said. "Were there any left?"

"Yes, sir. Four or five dozen." The man could hardly speak, with thirst, or weakness, or excitement.

"In the lazarette?"

"Yes, sir."

"In a sack?"

"Yes, sir."

"Come along," said Hornblower.

Coconuts floated as lightly as coir, and were more water-tight than any cask.

They prised up the after-hatch cover, and looked down at the heaving water below. There were things to be seen there—almost at once a wooden piggin came floating into sight, and the surface was covered with fragments.

Then something else floated into view—a coconut. Apparently the sack had not been fastened—Hornblower had hoped he might find a whole sackful floating there. He leaned far down and scooped it up. As he rose to his feet again with the thing in his hand there was a simultaneous wordless croak from the whole group; a dozen hands stretched out for it, and Hornblower realized that he must maintain order.

"Stand back!" he said, and when the men still advanced on him he pulled out his sheath knife. "Stand back! I'll kill the first man to lay a hand on me."

He was snarling like a wild beast—but he knew that he would stand no chance in a fight, one against nine. He changed his tone. "Come now, lads," he said. "We'll have to make these last. We'll ration 'em out. Fair divs all round. See how many more you can find."

Soon three men were kneeling round the hatchway, with the others leaning precariously over them to look over their shoulders.

"There's one!" croaked a voice.

An arm went down and a coconut was scooped up.

"Give it here," said Hornblower, and he was obeyed without question; another was already visible, and another after that. They began to pile

up at Hornblower's feet, a dozen, fifteen, twenty, twenty-three of the precious things.

"With luck we'll find some more later," said Hornblower. He looked round the group, and over at Barbara huddled at the foot of the mainmast. "Eleven of us. Half a one each for today. Another half each tomorrow. And I'll go without for today."

Nobody questioned his decision—partly, perhaps, because they were all too anxious to wet their lips. The first coconut was chopped open at the end, with desperate care lest a drop be spilt, and the first man took a drink. There was no chance at all of his drinking more than his half, with everyone grouped round him, and the man destined for the other half snatching it from his lips at every sip to see how far down the surface had sunk.

After the last man had drunk, Hornblower took the remaining half over to Barbara.

"Drink this, dear," he said, as at the touch of his hand she blinked awake from her heavy doze.

She drank eagerly before she took the nut from her lips. "You've had some, dear?" she asked.

"Yes, dear, I've had mine," said Hornblower steadily.

When he returned to the group, they were scraping the thin jelly out from inside the nuts.

"Don't damage these shells, lads," he said. "We'll need 'em when we get a rainsquall. And we'll put those nuts under Her Ladyship's guard. We can trust her."

They obeyed him again.

Hornblower peered down the hatchway at the litter-covered water. Another idea came up into his mind, and he turned to the steward again.

"Her Ladyship sent a chest of food on board," he said. "Food in tin boxes. It was put aft here somewhere. Do you know where?"

"It was right aft, sir. Under the tiller ropes."

"M'm," said Hornblower.

As he thought about it a sudden motion of the ship tossed the water below up in a fountain through the hatchway. But it ought to be possible to reach that chest, break it open, and bring up its contents. A strong man, able to stay submerged for long periods, could do it, if he did not mind being flung about by the scend of the water below.

"We'd have something better to eat than coconut jelly if we got those boxes up," he said.

"I'll have a go, sir," said a young seaman, and Hornblower was inexpressibly relieved. He did not want to go down there himself.

"Good lad," he said. "Put a line round yourself before going down. Then we can haul you out if we have to."

THEY were setting about their preparations when Hornblower checked them. "Wait. Look for'ard!" he said.

There was a rainsquall a mile away. Precious rain; ten shirts and Barbara's petticoat were extended to it, wrung out, re-extended, wrung out again, until the wringings tasted fresh. Everyone could drink, madly, with the rain roaring about them, and fill the coconut shells.

The squall passed as quickly as it came; they could see the squall going away over the quarter, as far out of their reach as if it were raining in the Sahara Desert.

But the young hands of the crew were laughing and joking now; there was an end of their care and their apathy. There was not one man on board except Hornblower who spared a thought for the possibility, the probability, that this might be the only rainsquall to touch the ship for the next week. There was urgent need for action, even though every joint and muscle in his body ached. . . .

That was the beginning of a voyage which was destined to become legendary; made in a water-logged hulk precariously balanced upon bales of coir. It was only a matter of getting the hulk before the wind; a spare jib-boom (the only spare spar surviving the storm) made a jury mast when fished

"Here are snapshots of my neighbours' cars. I want one that's longer than this car and wider than this"

to the stump of the foremast, and the sacking from coir bales provided sails. Spread on the jury foremast these enabled them to get the Pretty Jane before the tradewind, to creep along at a mile an hour while they set to work on extemporizing after-sails that doubled her speed.

There were no navigating instruments—even the compass had been dashed from its gimbals during the storm—and on the first two days they had no idea where they were, except that somewhere to leeward lay the chain of the Antilles. But the third day proved fine and clear and dawn had hardly broken before a hand at the mainmast head saw the faintest dark streak on the horizon far ahead.

It was land; it might be the high mountains of San Domingo far off, or the low mountains of Puerto Rico somewhat nearer; there was no knowing at present, and even when the sun had set they were still ignorant—and they were thirsty, with small appetite for the meagre ration of corned beef that Hornblower doled out to them from the recovered stores.

Next morning the land was nearer still, a low profile that seemed to indicate it might be Puerto Rico, and it was in the afternoon that they saw the fishing boat. It was not long before it was alongside, the mulatto fishermen staring at the group of strange figures waving to them.

The fishermen had a breaker of water on board, and a jar of *garbanzos* as well; there was a can of corned beef to add to the feast.

Barbara caught, even though she spoke no Spanish, two words of the excited conversation that went on.

"Puerto Rico?" she asked.

"Yes, dear," said Hornblower. "I wish I could remember the name of the captain-general there—I had dealings with him in the affair of the Star of the South. He was a marquis. The Marques de—de—Dearest, why don't you lie down and close your eyes? You're worn out."

He was shocked anew at her pallor and look of distress.

"I'm well enough, thank you, dear," replied Barbara, even though the strained tone of her voice denied her words. It was one more proof of her indomitable spirit.

It was when they were discussing what to do next that the second mate showed the first sign of any spirit. They could all desert the water-logged hulk and sail into Puerto Rico in the fishing boat, but he stoutly refused to do so. He knew the law about salvage, and there might be some value still in the poor hull, and certainly in its cargo. He would work the Pretty Jane in tomorrow himself, and he insisted on staying on board with the hands.

Hornblower faced a decision of a sort he had never yet encountered in a varied career. To leave the ship now savoured of desertion, but there was Barbara to think of.

"You're only a passenger, My Lord," said the mate.

"That's so," agreed Hornblower. Nor could he possibly condemn Barbara to another night on the deck of this water-logged hulk.

SO they came sailing into San Juan de Puerto Rico, two years after Hornblower had last visited the place in very different circumstances. Not unnaturally, their arrival set the whole place in an uproar, and it was only a few minutes later that there appeared on the quay a figure which Hornblower recognized: tall and thin with a thin moustache.

"Mendez-Castillo, aide-de-camp to His Excellency the Captain-General," the tall man said, saving Hornblower any further trouble about remembering his name. "If Your Excellencies are agreeable, I would suggest that your formal welcome by His Excellency should be postponed until Your Excellencies are better prepared for it."

"We are agreeable," said Hornblower.

"Then if Your Excellencies will give yourselves the trouble of stepping down into my boat, I shall have the pleasure of escorting you to make your informal entrance into the Palace of Santa Catalina. Their Excellencies will receive you but formal etiquette need not be observed."

"One moment, first, if you please, *señor*," said Hornblower. "The men out there in the ship. They need food and water. They may need help."

"I will give an order for the port authorities to send out to them what they need."

"Thank you."

So they went down into the boat for the brief trip across the harbour; despite his mortal fatigue Hornblower was able to note that every fishing boat and coasting craft there was hurriedly getting to sea, presumably to examine the chances of salvaging or plundering the Pretty Jane; the second mate had been perfectly right in refusing to leave her. But he did not care, now. He put his arm about Barbara as she drooped beside him. Through the water-gate of the palace, attentive servants awaited them. Here were His Excellency and a dark beautiful woman, his wife; she took Barbara under her protection instantly. Here were cool, dark rooms, and more servants scurrying about in obedience to the orders His Excellency volleyed out.

The attendants thinned away. For one more moment Hornblower had to keep his faculties alert, for the doctor came bustling in, to feel pulses and to look at tongues. The maids were waiting to relieve Barbara of the few rags she wore.

"Do you think you will sleep, darling? Is there anything more I can ask for?"

"I shall sleep, dearest." Then the smile on Barbara's weary face was replaced by something more like a grin, perfectly unladylike. "And as nobody else but us here can speak English I am free to tell you that I love you, dearest. I love you more than any words that I know can tell you."

Servants or no servants, Hornblower kissed her then before he left her to go into the adjoining room.

HORNBLOWER was a happy man as he lay down at last that night in the silk nightshirt with the elaborate heraldic embroidery which the valet had ready for him. His sleep was at first deep and untroubled. But conscience awoke him before dawn, and he went out on to the balcony in the first light, to see the Pretty Jane creeping into harbour, escorted by a dozen small craft.

There were happy hours still to come. The balcony was deep and shaded, looking out over harbour and sea, and there Hornblower sat in his dressing-gown an hour later, rocking idly in his chair, with Barbara opposite.

"It is good to be alive," said Hornblower.

"It is good to be with you," said Barbara.

Mendez-Castillo was announced. He made inquiries on behalf of His Excellency, and he announced that news of the recent events would be dispatched at once to Jamaica.

"Most kind of His Excellency," said Hornblower. "Now, as regards the crew of the Pretty Jane. Are they being looked after?"

"They have been received into the military hospital. The port authorities have stationed a guard on board the vessel."

"That is very well indeed," said Hornblower, telling himself that now he need feel no more responsibility.

The morning could be an idle one now. Next morning was busier, for there was now the question of clothes to be dealt with. Dressmakers were sent in to Barbara by Her Excellency, and shirtmakers and tailors to Hornblower by His Excellency.

After the tailor came a deputation, the mate and two members of the crew of the Pretty Jane.

"We've come to inquire after Your Lordship's health, and Her Ladyship's," said the mate.

"You're master of the Pretty Jane now," commented Hornblower, after thanking him.

"Yes, My Lord."

It was a strange first command for a man to have. "What are you going to do with her?" said Hornblower.

"I'm having her hauled out today, My Lord. Maybe she can be patched up. But she'll have lost all her copper."

"Very likely."

"I expect I'll have to sell her for what she'll fetch, hull and cargo," said the mate, with a note of bitterness in his voice—that was to be expected in a man who had received his first command only to face losing it instantly.

"I hope you're lucky," said Hornblower.

"Thank you, My Lord." There was a moment's hesitation before the next words came. "And I have to thank Your Lordship for all you did."

"The little I did I did for my own sake and Her Ladyship's."

He could smile as he said it. It was

pleasant that the interview could end with smiles and goodwill, so that Hornblower could lapse back into delightful idleness with Barbara beside him.

Seamstresses and tailors must have worked hard and long, for next day some of the results of their efforts were ready to be tried on.

"My Spanish grandee!" said Barbara, eyeing her husband dressed in coat and breeches of Puerto Rican cut.

"My lovely *señora*," answered Hornblower with a bow. Barbara was wearing comb and mantilla.

"I think, dear, that now we can safely be received by Their Excellencies," said Barbara.

When he intimated as much to Mendez-Castillo, Hornblower was amused by the aide's apologetic and nervous mentioning of the fact that Hornblower could not expect the same formalities as had welcomed him on his last and official visit. It dawned upon Hornblower that Mendez-Castillo expected him to be offended that this time he would be received only by flourishes and not by a full band.

So it turned out. Barbara and Hornblower were rowed round to the massive water-gate where Hornblower had made his previous entrance.

As they came into the courtyard beyond they were welcomed by the flourishes that Mendez-Castillo had promised. They were long drawn out, continued until Hornblower wondered how the trumpeter's breath could last so long; the trumpeter was displaying a considerable virtuosity.

Two more sentries stood at the foot of the steps beyond, presenting arms; the trumpeter stood at the top of the steps over to one side, and he put his instrument to his lips for a further series of fanfares as Hornblower removed his hat again and he and Barbara began the climb. Tremendous, those flourishes were; even though Hornblower was bracing himself to make his ceremonial entrance into the great hall, he could not help but dart a glance at the trumpeter.

One glance called for a second glance. Pig-tailed and powdered; dressed in a glittering uniform . . . what was there about that figure to demand his attention?

Hornblower felt Barbara on his arm stiffen and miss her step. The trumpeter took his instrument from his lips. It was—it was Hudnutt—the young marine bandsman who had broken prison in Jamaica. Hornblower almost dropped his hat with surprise.

But they were over the threshold of the great door. A voice bellowed their names. Ahead of them, at the end of an avenue of halberdiers Their Excellencies awaited them.

Hornblower bowed to His Excellency; he waited while Barbara was presented and made her two curtsies; he bowed again as he was presented to Her Excellency; then they drew a little to one side to await Their Excellencies' words.

"A great pleasure to welcome Lord Hornblower again," said His Excellency.

"An equally great pleasure to make the acquaintance of Lady Hornblower," said Her Excellency.

"My wife and I are deeply appreciative of the great honour done us by our reception," said Hornblower.

"You are our welcome guests," said His Excellency, with a finality in his tone that indicated the end of the conversation. Hornblower bowed again, twice, and Barbara went down in two more curtseys, and then they withdrew diagonally.

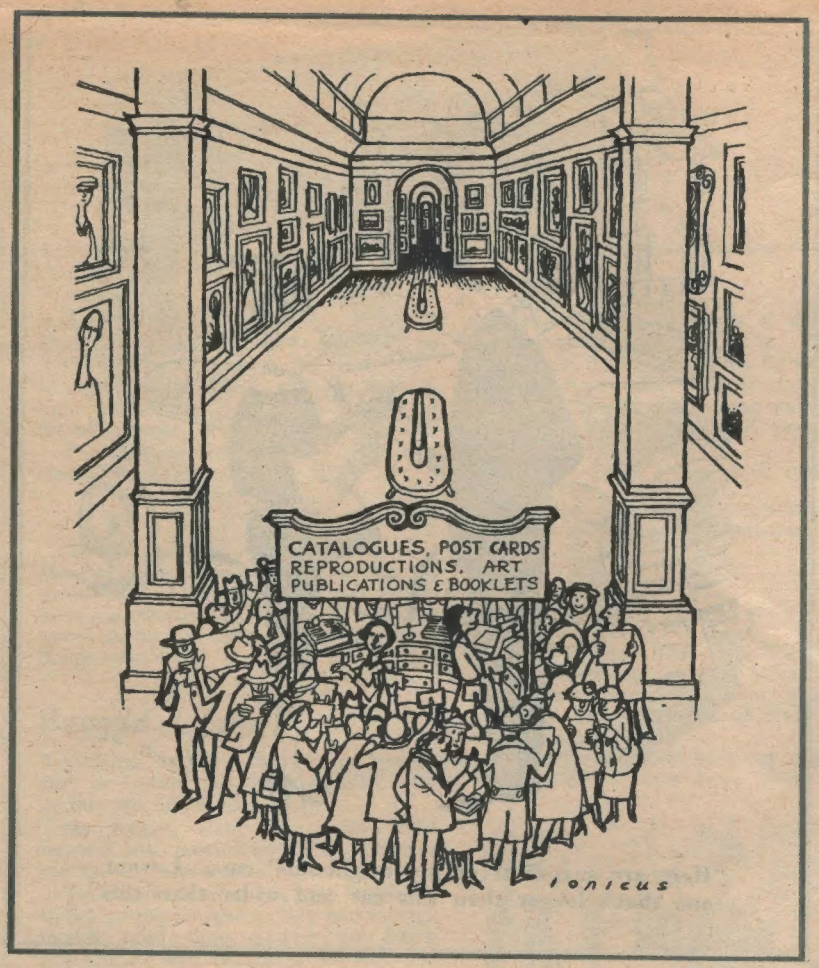
"Did you see the trumpeter, dear?" Hornblower asked.

"Yes," answered Barbara, in an expressionless tone. "It was Hudnutt."

"Amazing," went on Hornblower. "Extraordinary. I'd never have believed he was capable of it. He broke out of prison and he climbed that fence, and he got himself out of Jamaica over to Puerto Rico. Quite remarkable."

"Yes," said Barbara.

Hornblower turned to Mendez-Castillo. "Your—your *trompetero*," he said; he was guessing at the Spanish



word for "trumpeter," and he put his hand up before his mouth in a gesture that indicated what he was trying to say.

"You thought he was good?" asked Mendez-Castillo.

"Superb," said Hornblower. "Who is he?"

"The best of the musicians in His Excellency's orchestra," answered Mendez-Castillo.

Hornblower looked keenly at him, but Mendez-Castillo preserved a diplomatic lack of expression.

"A fellow countryman of yours, sir?" persisted Hornblower.

Mendez-Castillo spread his hands and elevated his shoulders. "Why should I concern myself about him, My Lord?" he countered. "In any case art knows no frontiers."

"No," said Hornblower. "I suppose not. Frontiers are elastic in these days. For instance, *señor*, I cannot

AVARICE—4

There is no vice which mankind carries to such wild extremes as that of avarice.

Jonathan Swift

remember if a convention exists between your government and mine regarding the mutual return of deserters."

"A strange coincidence!" said Mendez-Castillo. "I was investigating that very question a few days ago—quite idly, I assure you, My Lord. And I found that no such convention exists. There have been many occasions when, as a matter of good will, deserters have been handed back. But most lamentably, My Lord, His Excellency has altered his views in that respect since a certain ship—the Star of the South, whose name you may possibly recall, My Lord—was seized as a slaver outside this very harbour in circumstances that His Excellency found peculiarly irritating."

There was no hostility; nor was there any hint of glee in Mendez-Castillo's expression as he made this speech. He might as well have been discussing the weather.

Later that evening Mendez-Castillo guided them to the far end of the room and through an unobtrusive door to where a back stairs led to their suite. The maid allotted to attend to Barbara was waiting up.

"Ask the maid to go, please," said Barbara. "I can look after myself."

Her tone was still flat and expressionless, and Hornblower looked at her anxiously.

"Can I help in any way, dear?" he asked as the maid withdrew.

"You can stay and talk to me, if you will," answered Barbara.

"With pleasure, of course," said Hornblower. There was something strange about this situation. He tried to think of some topic to relieve the tension. "I still can hardly believe it about Hudnutt. . . ."

"It is about Hudnutt that I wanted to speak," said Barbara.

There was something positively harsh about her voice. She was standing more stiffly and more rigidly than usual—no back could ever be straighter—and she was meeting Hornblower's eyes with a kind of fixed stare like a soldier awaiting sentence.

"Whatever is the matter, dearest?"

"You are going to hate me," said Barbara.

"Never! Never!"

"Don't say that yet. Wait until you hear. I set Hudnutt free. It was I who arranged for his escape."

The words came like sudden forked lightning.

"Dearest," said Hornblower, unbelieving, "you're tired. Why don't you——"

"Do you think I'm delirious?" asked Barbara. Her voice was still unlike anything Hornblower had ever heard; so was the brief bitter laugh that accompanied her words. "I could be. This is the end of all my happiness."

"Dearest——" said Hornblower.

"Oh!" said Barbara. There was a sudden overwhelming tenderness in that single sound, and her rigid attitude relaxed; but instantly she stiffened again and snatched back the hands she had held out to him. "Please listen. I've told you now. I set Hudnutt free—I set him free!"

There could be no doubting that she meant what she said, truth or not. And Hornblower, standing unable to move, staring at her, gradually reached the realization that it was true after all.

"That last night at Admiralty House!" he said.

"Yes."

"You took him out through the wicket gate into the gardens yourself."

"Yes."

"Then the gardener, Evans, helped you. He had the key. And that fellow in Kingston with a boat—Bonner—must have helped you, too."

"You said he was something of a villain. He was ready for adventure at least."

"But—but the scent the bloodhounds followed?"

"Somebody dragged Hudnutt's shirt along the ground on a rope."

"But—but even so—?" She did not need to tell him; as he said those words he made the next deduction. "That two hundred pounds!"

"The money I asked you for," said Barbara, sparing herself nothing. "A ten pound reward would not avail if somebody were willing to spend two hundred pounds to help a prisoner escape."

Hornblower knew all about it now. His wife had flouted the law. She had set at naught the authority of the navy. She had. . . .

"It's a felony!" he said. "You could be transported for life—you could be sent to Botany Bay."

"Do I care?" exclaimed Barbara. "Botany Bay! Does that matter now that you know? Now that you'll never love me?"

"Dearest!" Those last words were so fantastically untrue that he had nothing else to say in reply. His mind was hard at work thinking about the effect of all this on Barbara. "That fellow Bonner—he could blackmail you."

"He's as guilty as I was," said Barbara. The unnatural harshness of her voice reached its climax there, and a sudden softness came back into it with her next words, an overwhelming tenderness, which she could not help as she smiled her old quizzical smile at this husband of hers. "You're only thinking about me."

"Of course," said Hornblower, surprised.

"But you must think about yourself. I've deceived you. I've cheated you. I took advantage of your kindness, of your generosity—oh!"

The smile changed to tears. It was horrible to see Barbara's face distort itself. She was still standing like a soldier at attention. She would not allow her hands to cover her face; she stood with the tears streaming down and her features working, sparing herself nothing of her shame. Hornblower would have taken her into his arms at that moment except that he was still immobilized by astonishment.

If any of this were to come out the consequences would be without limit. Half the world would believe that Hornblower, the legendary Hornblower, had connived at the escape and desertion of a petty criminal. Nobody would believe the truth—but if the truth did find credence half the world would laugh at Hornblower being outwitted by his wife.

There was a horrible gaping chasm opening right beside him. But there was already this other chasm—this awful distress that Barbara was suffering.

Nothing counted in the world except Barbara. Two steps forward and she was in his arms. Her tears wetted his lips.

"My love! My darling!" he said, for, unbelieving and blinded, she had not responded.

And then she knew, in the darkness that surrounded her, and her arms went about him, and there was no such happiness in all the world. There had never been such perfection of harmony.

Hornblower found himself smiling. He could laugh out loud out of sheer happiness. He could laugh at the whole ridiculous incident; he could laugh and laugh. But his judgment told him that laughter might be misunderstood at this moment.

He could not help smiling, though, as he kissed her.

THE END

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If Russia Were Wiser
On Nature's Canvas
Trampled In The Dust
All My Money
In Desperation
To Rally The Wavering
Nice People
In The Jazz Cellar
Another Instalment
Brimful Of Confidence
It's Her Birthday, So
The Red Carpet
Muck And Muddle
Didn't Have A Chance
Like A Camel
With Gay Abandon
At Hotel Magnificent

Last six Examples are incomplete; if you wish to use one, first complete it with a word of your choice—then make your Bullet as usual.

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